Ghost in the Shell

by
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Based on the Manga by Shirow Masamune

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TITLE CARDS, FEMALE V.O.:

In the future, man has recreated the human body. Every part can be replaced, save for one. For the soul - the *ghost* of the individual - can only survive in the natural brain.

Thus, the line between man and machine has blurred. And that rare soul, reduced entirely to a God-given brain inside a man-made body, is referred to as a pure--

GHOST IN THE SHELL.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - NIGHT

A TILT-WING OSPREY chops through red-hued mist, dodging anti-collision lights. 20th century landmarks stand dwarfed by colorful, fantastical skyscrapers.

SUPER: **SAN FRANCISCO, 2061**

A YOUNG WOMAN rides daringly on the aircraft's side rail. Long and sinewy, armed to the hilt, she scans the city she polices below. Her artificial face is a masterpiece:

Hair a silky black that tinges blue; skin contrastingly pale. She looks 20-something, but the soul behind her eyes speaks to her *real* age, nearly a decade older... *This is the MAJOR.*

Suddenly her doe eyes flitter (internal processors churning) and a cacophony of sounds rise up from the urban sprawl: LAUGHTER, CRIES, ARGUMENTS, GUNSHOTS...the human struggle.

GRACE CATHEDRAL stands out in the Major's honed eyes.

ONE VOICE AMONG MANY
...we can tell what informs a society by its tallest building.

And surging beyond the church, above all else: MEGATECH TOWER.

WILLIAM SKINNER (O.S., ON THE NET)
M? Are you there?

All other voices drop out. [Note: 'ON THE NET' conversations sound like V.O.]

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
I'm on my way.

WILLIAM SKINNER (O.S., ON THE NET)
She's almost here.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
Who is it?

INT. PENTHOUSE, MEGATECH TOWER - CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM SKINNER, aging titan of Megatech, watches security monitors: a FEMALE OPERATIVE strides hauntingly past camera.

WILLIAM SKINNER
(taken aback)
It's Hannah... She's turned.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL, MEGATECH TOWER - CONTINUOUS

HANNAH, identical to the Major but for a different face, steps over felled SECURITY GUARDS.

MORE GUARDS sound above. They peer over a rail: no sign of the intruder. They creep slowly down the spiral stairs...

Only we see Hannah - using inhuman strength - pinning herself to the *underside* of the stairs. The guards don't see her until they're at point blank range: *POP! POP! POP!*

Hannah swings over the bodies, continuing ominously upwards...

INT. PENTHOUSE, MEGATECH TOWER - CONTINUOUS

In a droll, symbolic act, William lodges a wooden chair beneath the vault-like door knob.

WILLIAM SKINNER
She's coming for me.

MAJOR (O.S., ON THE NET)
Why?

ON A MONITOR: Hannah creeps to the penthouse door. William listens...*she's right outside*.

WILLIAM SKINNER
(trembling)
She's ill.

BOOM! The iron door dents. BOOM!

WILLIAM SKINNER
(to the Major)
I'm so sorry, dear. I tried to make you perfect.

BOOM! The hinges give.

WILLIAM SKINNER
I think I failed you.

The shadowy penthouse is illuminated by a SPOTLIGHT--

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The Major's aircraft approaches--

PILOT
Starting descent--
(the aircraft rocks)
Major!

The pilot looks back: the Major's gone. She drops fifty feet - *WOOOSH* - cracking not a bone, but the building's rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MEGATECH TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The Major launches off the roof, a cable around her waist. She catches violently, suspended 3000 feet above the street. Through the glass, she spies WILLIAM AT HANNAH'S FEET.

The Major kicks away from the building, and in slow motion - her RIGHT ARM 'PEELS AWAY'...revealing a HIGH-POWERED RIFLE:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! She follows her shots, CRASHING THROUGH--

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah rips a CORD from the back of William's neck, leaving him drooling. The Major rises, dusting herself off...

And the women SQUARE OFF. The Major still has a RIFLE for a right hand. Hannah's left hand unsheathes a <u>ROCKET LAUNCHER</u>.

MAJOR
Hannah, wait--

Hannah fires a MICRO-MISSILE, singing the Major's hair, before EXPLODING beyond. *So much for talking.*

The two shells COLLIDE like rams in the center of the den. They grapple through gilded pillars, a frightening match of inhuman speed and power. <u>But the Major breaks away</u>.

She places a hand on William: his VITALS appear in her POV. *No pulse, body temperature dropping.* She's decked by Hannah.

The Major fights with a personal stake, smashing a pillar and pinning Hannah beneath it. She returns to William, and places a hand on his chest. We hear the sound of a CHARGE.

Major's POV: *EKG VOLTAGE rising...400...500...600.* Hannah clears the pillar, and once again RUSHES the Major...

MAJOR
(in deep meditation; to William)
Come back.

Without looking up, the MAJOR EXTENDS HER FREE HAND. Hannah runs into the CHARGE, and is sent flying. The current runs through the Major's other hand, SHOCKING WILLIAM'S HEART.

But the old man is unresponsive. His 'ghost' is gone.

Now the Major's mechanical efficiency gives way to sheer, human rage. She overpowers her 'ill' opponent, pinning her:

MAJOR
Why did you do this to...?

HANNAH
...your father?

A second wave of MEGATECH GUARDS bangs at the door.

MAJOR
To our *maker*.

The Major eyes William's contorted, lifeless state. At Hannah's hip, she stealthily raises a hidden SIDE-ARM.

HANNAH
I wonder, when we die...

Hannah sneaks the side-arm closer to the Major's head.

HANNAH
...which *maker* will we meet?

BLAM!!! The Major's ears BURN, but it's HANNAH'S ARTIFICIAL HEAD that spins across the marble floor - revolutionary wires tangled with an organic spinal cord.

The Major rises, shell-shocked, and begins removing her armor.

EXT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE PENTOUHSE - CONTINUOUS

It takes nearly a DOZEN SECURITY GUARDS to move the iron door. When they finally break through, they find--

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--the Major standing at the smashed window's edge, her naked silhouette hinted beneath silky, thermoptic camouflage. *She's also cradling Hannah's head.*

The confused guards take aim, and - in trademark fashion - the Major FALLS HAUNTINGLY BACKWARDS, out the window.

The guards peek over the edge, as she disappears safely into the night... Cue *GHOST IN THE SHELL*'s iconic anthem.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS over a MONTAGE: *'birth of a female shell'.*

--A body floats down a long circular tube, through a sensory-element forming liquid.

--The liquid solution creates a film around the shell...SKIN.

--The solution is charged with electricity, and MICROMACHINES attach themselves to nerve net terminals.

--The body shakes - three controlled convulsions - as the micromachines are singed into place.

--The body drips as it slowly emerges: first the head, then the perfect female form.

--We move in on the face, on an eye, as it suddenly OPENS--

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

--The Major OPENS HER EYES. She's sitting at a long table. Pads on her temples, wires extending from FOUR PORTS on the back of her neck. Sitting across from her:

A FEMALE D.A., 30's, flanked by TWO F.B.I. AGENTS.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Welcome back, Major. We're the shooting review board. We've actually met several times before.
(nothing from the Major)
Can she hear me?

FBI 1
(knowingly)
She's listening.

The D.A. sees the Major's stare is more *icy* than blank.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Well...we have your statement--

MAJOR
I've made no statement.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Nevertheless we have your recorded experience of the events.

The Major follows the 'BRAIN DIVE CORDS' to a SUPERCOMPUTER.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
We deem your actions to be in policy. However...

FBI 2
Because of your relation to the deceased--

MAJOR
What relation?

FBI 2
You were William Skinner's-- Well...

FBI 1
You're Megatech's golden child.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
We'd like you to accept a paid sabbatical. A short mourning period. Would you be amenable to that?

The Major looks torn. Signs of post-traumatic stress. She stares intensely, beyond the review board, at TINTED GLASS--

INT. OBSERVATION AREA - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF ARAMAKI, 60, stares back through the glass, <u>studying the Major</u>. His white hair runs as if to a socket behind him.

A reddish, bulbous SENATOR HUME, 60's, sidles up.

SENATOR HUME
(eyes the Major)
This one real?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
The Major's brain and spinal cord are hers. The rest belong to us.

SENATOR HUME
The Major? She's the *original*...?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
The Major was the first shell operator. She had a classified accident as a little girl. Since then, she's switched bodies four times to approximate her real age.

SENATOR HUME
How many 'operators' do we have like her? They should *all* be suspended.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We have twenty operators in the country - <u>but none like her</u>.

The Senator consults a classified, TYPEWRITTEN file.

SENATOR HUME
It says Hannah's specs were identical.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
If the women were identical, wouldn't they have fought to a draw?

SENATOR HUME
So why didn't they?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
<u>Human</u> intangibles, Senator. This one's a smarter operator.

SENATOR HUME
You may see a human being, Chief. I see a weapon our enemies can use against us. Sixty years ago, they used our planes. Now they want their hands on *her*.

BATOU (O.S.)
Sabbatical for what!?

The Chief swivels, ANALYSTS clearing out of his way. He approaches another window, unto a concurrent debriefing:

The Major's partner, **BATOU**, frightens an UNLUCKY FBI AGENT:

BATOU (THROUGH THE GLASS)
I'm not related to Skinner!

SENATOR HUME
And this one? Is he a shell operator?

Batou's large frame and leathery skin are his *own (40's)*.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Batou's only part way there. He's still half man...half bull in a china shop.

INT. SECOND DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Batou flicks his thumb lighter (embedded *beneath* his thumbnail) lighting a cigarette across from the FBI agent.

UNLUCKY FBI AGENT
We'll hold your badge and piece. You can keep any internal weapons.

BATOU
(flicks his cigarette; rising)
Are you kidding me!? I wasn't even there!

Chief Aramaki enters, having seen enough:

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Do you know who I am?

BATOU
'Course.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Then sit down.

Batou does, as the unlucky FBI agent exits.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Do you wish to remain the Major's partner?
(Batou nods)
Then consider your assignment to keep her close. Monitor her behavior. Make sure she's...her *normal* self.

BATOU
What am I supposed to do? Take her for a walk? Out to dinner? What's normal?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
That's entirely up to you.
(Batou's genuinely stumped)
(MORE)

CHIEF ARAMAKI (cont'd)
Maybe something non-stressful. Get her out of the city. Away from people. Understand?

Batou nods. Then:

BATOU
No, but I'm sure she'll explain it to me.

EXT. SAND DOLLAR BEACH, BIG SUR - DAY

TWO FUCHIKOMAS - part motorcycle, part tank - sit parked on the dramatic beach, surrounded by cliffs.

Batou BOUNDS down a hilltop, carrying a BOULDER - easily 500 pounds. He plops it down on the beach, next to FIVE OTHERS.

Batou eyes DEEP FOOTPRINTS that lead to the ocean. He wipes sweat from his brow, inspecting it: '*That's odd*', apparently.

Batou catches his breath and lumbers back up the mountain. We follow the FOOTPRINTS to the water, and DIVE UNDER, into--

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

The Major scuba dives through a lush, colorful KELP FOREST. She releases her 'FLOATERS', and begins a peaceful ascent. But an IMAGE forms on the approaching surface:

--Hannah tears a cord from the back of William's neck.

The memory disappears as the Major breaks the watery plane. She stares for several moments at a calming, PURPLE SKY.

A Fuchikoma ROARS from the beach. The Major rolls to find Batou weaving between boulders, as if on an obstacle course.

EXT. SAND DOLLAR BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The Major emerges from the ocean, scuba gear in hand. Bond girls *wish* they looked this good.

With one wheel in front and three in back (the outside wheels touch only on corners), Batou turns and SKIDS to a halt.

MAJOR
(sarcastically)
Just *embracing* nature, aren't you?

BATOU
Go around, please.

MAJOR
Around what?

BATOU
Hello? My Japanese rock garden?

Indeed, his TIRE TRACKS resemble ‘raking’ around the boulders.

MAJOR
Very zen, Batou.

BATOU
(top of his lungs)
Woooo, I am goddamn relaxed out here!

The Major carries on, smiling to herself.

LATER,

The pair sit around a small fire, beneath a PURPLE-ORANGE SKY. The Major wears a loose fitting, men’s linen shirt. Batou’s in ‘casual combat gear’, sipping from a beer can.

BATOU
What happens if your floaters don’t work out there? It’s not like you can swim your body weight back to the surface.

MAJOR
I suppose I’d die eventually.
(teasingly)
Unless you came and rescued me.

BATOU
C’mon, M. I can’t tell if you’re grieving, or if you’re spooked by what happened.

The fire crackles in the Major’s eyes.

MAJOR
He was the only father I knew.
(a beat)
And she was built exactly like me.

BATOU
What did William say to you? She ‘snapped’?

MAJOR
He said she was ‘ill’. And then...
(astonished)
He *apologized*.

BATOU
For what?

The *human* pain is evident on the Major's *artificial* features.

MAJOR
For not making us well enough.
(off Batou)
It was like...he knew he couldn't protect us from something.

Now Batou's spooked.

MAJOR
The review board asked me the strangest question. I *remember* it.

BATOU
(deeply intrigued)
What was it?

INSERT:

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Across from the panel, the Major sits EYES CLOSED.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Major, at any point did you feel a presence...an *intruder*, if you will, in your head?

MAJOR
(as if hypnotized)
You mean a hacker?

BACK TO SCENE

Over the fire, Batou hangs on the Major's answer:

BATOU
Well? Did you!?

MAJOR
No. But maybe Hannah...?

BATOU
No way. Impossible. Best hackers in the world - the Silence, the Orchestrator - they can steal credit cards, company secrets 'til the cows come home... <u>but they can't control someone else</u>.

MAJOR
What if they found a way?

BATOU
Look, they've been hypnotizing people for thousands of years, they still can't make someone do something against their will. That's what makes you human, M. Free will. Not how much of your body is original.

MAJOR
I'd like to think so.

Batou keeps loosening his collar.

MAJOR
You alright over there?

BATOU
I can't breathe out here. I'm itchy. I need a coffee.

The Major kicks sand on the fire.

MAJOR
(re: the BOULDERS)
You know you're putting those back.

Batou protests, throwing his hands up.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Golden Gate glimmers with speedy, efficient vehicles.

EXT. STARBUCKS KIOSK, SAN FRANCISCO - LATER THAT DAY

A PRETTY BARRISTA repeats Batou's order:

BARRISTA
Two venti, quad half caff, old school Americanos!
(to Batou)
Do you want those cyber-spiced?

Batou's look says: '*What do you think?*'

BARRISTA
Cyber-spiced!

The order appears on a wall screen, the brewing automated.

MAJOR
Cyber-spiced?

BATOU
It's a metal additive that makes it taste like it used to. Pure genius.

Batou can see the Major's mind racing.

BATOU
Look, whatever happened to Hannah - it's not going to happen to you. You're different.

MAJOR
Why?

BATOU
Why? Because you were born that way. No two people are the same.

MAJOR
How do you know, Batou? You can see your original skin. How do *I* know if I cracked my head open I'd find grey matter? Maybe I died already, and my story is a program. Or maybe I was never born.

An EAVESDROPPING CUSTOMER looks horrified, skirting off. [*Remember, while most people have augmented their brains in 2061, very few have our pair's imposing, physical upgrades*].

Batou grabs the coffees, heading for the sugar.

BATOU
I'm not having this conversation with you again. You're a one-of-a-kind pain in my ass. We've established *that*.

Batou pours a TON of SUGAR. The Major stares bemused.

BATOU
What? No sugar?

MAJOR
(sarcastically)
No, little more. Maybe a couple more espresso shots we can't feel, then let's hit your gym for two hours - work out muscles that can't grow anymore.
(off Batou)
No? Don't wanna have *that* conversation?

BATOU
('sic'; wounded)
I do what I always done.

The Major grins, relents. She accepts her unwanted coffee. They walk off, down a busy sidewalk.

MAJOR
You're a creature of habit.

BATOU
Yeah. I got a routine.

MAJOR
Hey, I get it, I'm with you now.

The Major dumps her coffee behind Batou's back, into a bin.

INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

A PRIVILEGED TEEN GIRL stands on a raised, rotating pedestal. She's surrounded by eight mirrors, all reflecting DIFFERENT DRESSES to purchase. Beyond the girl--

THREE AI MODELS walk a runway along the window to the street.

EXT. SIDEWALK, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The models walk briskly <u>right next to Batou</u>, as he follows the Major. The models blow Batou a KISS - he blushes.

BATOU
(distracted by the models)
Look, when somebody... Look...

The models preen after ANOTHER PEDESTRIAN.

MAJOR
I'm '*looking*' Batou.

BATOU
Right. Look. When somebody commits a crime, they can tell if it originated in their human side, or if it was some kind malfunction. If Hannah was defective or vulnerable, they never would've let you leave.

MAJOR
It takes 24 hours to make that determination. They're buying time, 'til they know what to do with us.

BATOU
Us? What do you mean us? You mean...*me*?
(off the Major)
No, no, no, I'm on assignment right now. Covering you on your 'mourning days'.

MAJOR
They've already suspended all shell-operators. Do you really think your E-Brain's any safer or sounder than mine?

BATOU
I got less in there. Less can go wrong.

MAJOR
Where's your badge right now?

It dawns on Batou: he's 'unofficially' suspended.

BATOU
Goddamnit!

PASSERSBY shudder next to the Goliath that is Batou.

MAJOR
Really, Batou? '*Paid mourning days*'? When's the last time you had a vacation?

BATOU
(walking on)
Alright, I get it, I'm *all* caught up.
(to a PEDESTRIAN)
Hey! Pick that up.

The pedestrian *hurriedly* picks up a discarded cigarette.

MAJOR
Nice. You wanna give out some parking tickets while you're at it?

BATOU
Don't even joke. D'you know how much these bodies cost to maintain?

Fatefully, they turn a corner to a MEGATECH RETAIL STORE.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE stand outside. It's eerily quiet, as they listen (on the net) to a newscast on a GIANT WALL SCREEN.

BATOU
What channel?

The Major simply looks at Batou (*in fact, she's emailing him*) and Batou finds the right frequency, AUDIO in his head:

MALE ANCHOR (ON WALL SCREEN)
We continue to bring you unfolding, *unending* coverage, of the incredible life and increasingly mysterious death of a legend.

WILLIAM SKINNER'S FACE appears, above his years: *1984-2061.* Batou notices MORE STARES around him, growing agitated:

BATOU
(whispers to the Major)
These people are scared. Do they know he was murdered?

MAJOR
Not yet. Right now they're afraid for themselves.

The Major starts towards the store.

BATOU
Why?

INT. MEGATECH STORE - MOMENT LATER

In contrast to the calm outside, it's PANDEMONIUM at the checkout counter. People are buying, buying, buying.

MAJOR
These people didn't just buy computers. They computerized their minds. They can't reverse that if the company fails... They signed up for life.

BATOU
(dawning on him)
They're stocking up.

A YOUNG MOTHER loads up on S.A.T. software for her 8 YEAR-OLD.

A SHORT TIME LATER,

Batou shops awkwardly for himself. He holds a 'LUNG DEVICE'.

MEGATECH GENIUS(O.S.)
You wanna be the next American Idol!?

BATOU
Hunh?

A NERDY YOUNG SALESMAN sports a name tag: *MEGATECH GENIUS*.

MEGATECH GENIUS
Check it out, I installed it on myself:
(sings in a DEEP BASS)
Nobody knows....
(impossibly HIGH SOPRANO)
...the trouble I've seen.

BATOU
Shhh, shut up kid.

Batou embarrassedly puts back the 'VOCAL RANGE EXPANDER'.

BATOU
I'm looking for hiking lungs.

MEGATECH GENIUS
Cool, cool, cool. What kind of hiking we talking about?

BATOU
The Everest kind.

MEGATECH GENIUS
Psh, not over the counter, we're not! Unless you're a friend of Uncle Sam or the Orchestrator, you're outta luck.

BATOU
What'd you just say?

MEGATECH GENIUS
Uncle Sam. It's a military upgrade--

BATOU
No, no, you said...*the Orchestrator*.
(playing a part)
C'mon kid. I got *no* friends, hook me up.

MEGATECH GENIUS
Then you know...there's a <u>whole black market operating in the Forgotten Zone</u>, ever since they condemned it.

BATOU
Yeah, yeah, I heard cops stopped going in there after the Great Quake.

MEGATECH GENIUS
(he spots the MAJOR)
Oh - my - God. Is that...*her?*

BATOU
So I just *ask* for the Orchestrator?

MEGATECH GENIUS
Yeah, no, I mean: his name's like a password down there--
(the Major)
--*man*, I would love to get a look under that hood. Wait--
(to Batou)
--are you, like, her driver?

Batou contemplates castration:

BATOU
You know, there's another way you can hit those high notes.

MEGATECH GENIUS
Whoa, she can *cry*?

Indeed, the Major's brain is sending a signal to what used to be her tear ducts, and artificial fluid wells. She's watching a NEWSCAST on the wall beyond the checkout counter:

JACOB SKINNER, 30's, emerges from the S.F. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S. He's jostled by REPORTERS, and 'FANS', on his way to a limo.

FEMALE ANCHOR
Stirring images, now. Jacob Skinner, the prodigal son, probably collecting his father's personal effects.

--Jacob is a boyish handsome, remindful of Robert Kennedy.

FEMALE ANCHOR
That could mean a watch, a ring, but almost certainly <u>his father's memories</u>.

Batou sidles next to the Major.

MALE ANCHOR
Wouldn't those be police evidence, until the exact cause of death is determined?

FEMALE ANCHOR
We're talking about remote memories, Don. Things from Jacob's childhood, perhaps even William's.

--Jacob's AI BODYGUARD ushers him safely into the limo.

BATOU
(re: Jacob)
Have you talked to him yet?

In this moment, Jacob contacts the Major ON THE NET:

JACOB (IN THE MAJOR'S HEAD)
Major?

MAJOR
Jacob?

BATOU
Yeah.

The Major turns away from Batou.

MAJOR (ON THE NET, TO JACOB)
I didn't know if I should-- I didn't know if you wanted to see anyone.

JACOB (IN THE MAJOR'S HEAD)
Can I see you now? I need you.

The Major turns back to a jilted Batou.

BATOU
Go on.
(then; as she goes)
Don't tell him what you saw, M... If Hannah was hacked, then we're the ones who are screwed.
(a beat)
They'll never put us back together again.

EXT. INTERSTATE 80 - DAY

The Major weaves in and out of traffic. What looks like a chase scene is actually a serene drive to the Major.

She lowers the glass canopy of her Fuchikoma, revelling humanly in the sun...and *200 MPH WIND* in her flawless face.

EXT. MEGATECH HEADQUARTERS, NAPA VALLY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Major slows, approaching a logjam of NEWS VANS and POLICE CRUISERS outside Megatech's gates.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S., ON THE NET)
You are approaching Megatech Industries. Do you have an appointment?

CUT TO:

PROMOTIONAL MONTAGE: moving black and white NASA IMAGES.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Over a century ago, the nation fell in love with Albert, the first monkey in space.

ALBERT wears an aviator cap, screaming in his cockpit.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Fifty years later, Megatech introduced the world to Ellie, the first monkey to control a robot with nothing more than thought.

--A RHESUS MONKEY walks on a treadmill, sensor pads on her temples. A ROBOT mimics her stride as she turns backwards.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Doctor William Skinner had successfully translated the <u>language</u> of the brain.

--A YOUNG WILLIAM SKINNER stands over a MAN in a wheelchair.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
And where once a signal was lost...

--A BRAINWAVE fires down the spinal cord, where it SLAMS abruptly into scar tissue at a severed cord.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Through Megatech it was found.

--An ELECTRONIC SIGNAL shoots down a cable splinted to the spinal cord. It fires <u>past</u> the damage. *And*...

--The paralyzed man, tears in his eyes, RISES from his chair.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
By mid-century, synthetic blood had eviscerated HIV, TB, and Malaria. Artificial organs finally captured our most famous killers, eliminating heart disease and hobbling skin cancer. Even the common cold was no longer safe.

--SURVIVORS across the spectrum of the human race.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Today, The Interface between mind and machine continues to reach out to every corner of the first, second, and third world...

William Skinner on the African plains, surrounded by HEALTHY, BEAMING CHILDREN, once war amputees.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
--extending, improving...

The MAJOR, 6, in the VERY FIRST SHELL, seams exposed.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
...and saving lives.

PULL BACK to reveal--

INT. MEGATECH LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A BEAUTIFUL RECEPTIONIST, 20's, retrieves the Major:

RECEPTIONIST
Welcome back, Major. Right this way.

INT. MEGATECH CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The Major trails the woman down the hall.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I offer you anything? Water? Tea?

MAJOR
(sarcastically)
Motor oil?

RECEPTIONIST
Motor--? I'm sure, we could...

MAJOR
I'm fine for now.

They pass a GLASS-ENCASED DISPLAY: first AUSTRALOPITHECUS ("Southern Ape of Africa"); then HOMO HABILIS; HOMO ERECTUS; and MODERN MAN...

But the familiar display has a twist: AUGMENTED MAN, a tall, handsome cyborg. *Very much like Batou.*

The Major smirks, passing the final link in the evolutionary chain: a FEMALE SHELL OPERATOR, *just like her*.

MAJOR
Ahh, progress.

INT. BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Megatech's BOARD MEMBERS argue around a conference table.

EXECUTIVE 1
Our share price is through the floor--
(derisively)
--*Cindy*.

EXECUTIVE 2/CINDY
Trading on the stock's been suspended--
(stretching his name)
--*Gene*. We need a statement from Jacob!

EXECUTIVE 3
That's my job!

EXECUTIVE 4
I should make that statement!

The Major peeks in from the DOORWAY.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry. Jacob's scheduled to be here.

MAJOR
I know where he is.

EXT. SKINNER VINEYARD, MEGATECH ADJACENT - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Major walks between tall grape vines, to a clearing. Jacob sits resting in the shade, beneath an olden OAK TREE.

JACOB
Take those boots off! Get some dirt between your toes.

MAJOR
(re: headquarters)
It's getting pretty ugly in there. I think Gene and Cindy need to get a room.

Jacob smiles, an ORNATE SILVER URN by his bare feet.

JACOB
They're like Alexander's generals. All frothing at the mouth to take his place.

MAJOR
Well, you won't let them. Will you?

He smiles reluctantly, *not so sure*.

MAJOR
(re: the urn)
Are those his memories?

JACOB
I haven't been able to plug in yet.

MAJOR
(guiltily)
I left him up there.

JACOB
No. I know you tried to save him. He called *you*. That's why I called you now.
(growing angry)
I know I'm supposed to fight back, throw some punches, M. But I don't know which way to throw. I'm trying not to lose it--

MAJOR
Slow down. What are you talking about?

JACOB
(re: Headquarters)
What they're all fighting about, inside. Tarek Afifi's been missing over a day now.

MAJOR
Who's Tarek Afifi?

JACOB
<u>Our lead scientist</u>.

He hands her a USB CARD; she plugs it into an upper-arm port.
MAJOR'S POV: *moving images of Tarek - handsome, Egyptian.*

JACOB
They found his car abandoned at the ferry docks. But there's no record of him getting on a boat. We don't know if he's another victim, or...

MAJOR
Our lead suspect.

JACOB
(desperately)
What's going on, M? You <u>know</u>, don't you?

MAJOR
I saw something, Jacob. I wasn't sure until now, but...
(steeling herself)
I saw Hannah plug into William.

JACOB
What? Why--

MAJOR
If she just wanted to kill him - there are easier ways.

JACOB
You're saying she wanted something in his head...and then she killed herself?

MAJOR
I saw into her eyes, Jacob. Someone else was behind them. I don't think it was *her* at all.

JACOB
But that would mean...

MAJOR
End of the line for me. And Batou. Maybe even Megatech. One fell swoop.

Jacob leans back on the tree, wrapping his head around it.

JACOB
Look...I have to pursue this. But *you*... Maybe you're still not sure what you saw--

MAJOR
I'm sure.
(a beat)
The real killer's still out there.

JACOB
They could take your body away.

MAJOR
You could lose your company.

JACOB
I don't care. He was my father.
(he finally gets it)
...And yours.

MAJOR
I'm coming with you, Jacob.

Jacob sighs knowingly; no arguing with her.

JACOB
Alright, how'd you get up here?

MAJOR
Bike.

JACOB
We'll put it in my trunk.

EXT. AIRFIELD, SKINNER VINEYARD - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Fuchikoma is driven up a ramp, into a JET's 'trunk'. Megatech's GULFSTREAM XV fuels, preparing for vertical lift-off on a circular landing pad.

INT. MEGATECH CORPORATE JET - MOMENTS LATER

A LEGGY FLIGHT ATTENDANT opens a case, presenting dozens of USB CARDS. They plug into the upper arm.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Can I offer you any in-flight experiences?

JACOB
Not this flight, Susan.

Jacob has the silver urn - William's memories - before them.

JACOB
Ready?

The Major nods. And, as if sharing a DVD player in 2010, they PLUG TWO CORDS from the urn into the nape of the neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE COLUMNS tracking over GRAINY 'FILM' (*these are William Skinner's old family albums, all from his POV*):

EXT. BACKYARD, SKINNER VILLA - DAY

Jacob and the Major, both 12, slide down a 'SLIP 'n SLIDE', into their father's waiting arms. The Major's joints and seams are visible; it's an early generation shell.

LATER, little Jacob carries the cake himself:

JACOB AT 12
Happy birthday to youuuu.

The Major blows out the candles. As Jacob turns to cut the cake, we SEE the Major's life-long crush on Jacob. *She is 'Sabrina', born with little, in love with the golden son.*

WHITE COLUMNS, AS WE CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S STUDY - DAY

Young Jacob, 6, stands nervously at his father's hip, the Major, in the shell of a 6 YEAR-OLD GIRL, sits EYES CLOSED.

JACOB AT 6
Why isn't she in a bed?

YOUNG WILLIAM SKINNER
Because she's not sick anymore, son. She's a healthy little girl, in a brand new body.

JACOB AT 6
(re: her seams)
She doesn't *look* like a girl.

WILLIAM SKINNER
Will you give her a chance? For me?

JACOB AT 6
Okay, daddy.

William reaches behind the Major's neck, AWAKENING her. It takes the little girl a moment to adjust to her eyes - Jacob imprinted in them. *It will take longer to adjust to her body.*

WHITE COLUMNS, AS WE CUT TO:

INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY

William stands over a NEWBORN in incubation. He extends his finger, the baby taking hold of it.

YOUNG WILLIAM SKINNER
Hey little Jake.

INT. MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

The Major's MICRO-HAIRS stand on end. Her index finger is extended; she's mimicking William's experience, as is Jacob.

They're awakened, by Jacob's AI BODYGUARD [*per legislation, some of the guard's wiring is exposed - he's clearly AI*].

AI BODYGUARD
Sir. We're being pulled over.

Out the window, TWO UAV DRONES (Unmanned Aerial Vehicles).

JACOB
What do they want?

AI BODYGUARD
(re: the Major)
Her.

EXT. NEW PRESIDIO - LATER THAT DAY

The Megatech jet sets down amid MODERN STRUCTURES, built around the ORIGINAL, 19th CENTURY FORTS. The Major is first off the plane, finding DOZENS of SOLDIERS staggered, waiting.

JACOB
(spooked)
What is this place? N.S.A.?

MAJOR
The New Presidio's on a lease to the Department of Defense. It's officially the West Coast War College.

JACOB
(re: the rough soldiers)
Oh yeah. These guys look like students.

The Major proceeds bravely forward, between the soldiers.

INT. NEW PRESIDIO LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The workplace quietens. It's as if the Major's being lead to the gallows.

MAJOR
(whispers to Jacob)
Dead woman walking.

She and Jacob are ushered into an elevator, and left alone.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator DESCENDS. The pair peek at each other: *'WHAT IS HAPPENING?'*

MAJOR
No matter what happens, will you stay with me?

JACOB
(nervous; unconvincing)
Listen, Megatech has contracts with every wing of the military. I'm the head of Megatech now. I won't let them touch you.

The Major smirks, appreciating the sentiment.

MAJOR
What wing is this, Jacob?

They both look up at the floor numbers - still descending. Suddenly, they stop. The doors open, revealing...

CHIEF ARAMAKI, standing alone in a DARK, CAVERNOUS ROOM.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
It takes up to 24 hours to pinpoint the source of a crime. The *instinct*.
(the Major's stunned)
We couldn't find one in Hannah. Instead, we found footprints. Someone else hacked into her mind...and assumed her free will.

The Major and Jacob are still on the elevator.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Would you both like to see for yourselves?

INT. FORENSICS LAB - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Chief leads the pair, down a non-descript hallway.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
With every leap in technology, we've seen hackers make the jump shortly thereafter. What started with stolen credit card numbers has reached the point we've always feared:
(directly to the Major)
Your friend Hannah's mind was taken from her.
(MORE)

CHIEF ARAMAKI (cont'd)
She's the first known victim of this cyber-terrorism, on *any* soil.
(reaching a door)
Now she has to tell us who her killer was...

The Chief opens the door to an awe-inspiring scene:

TECHS in LONG RED ROBES shuffle beneath HANNAH'S HEAD and SPINE. Cords run off in every direction, to SUPERCOMPUTERS.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
This is the crime scene. It's unclear if Hannah's codes were cracked; if it was a virus; she may even have been physically poisoned by something she ate. What we know, is that her defenses were down, and she fell into enemy hands.

The Major cringes, fearing her impending fate:

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Now we could go two ways on this. We can shut you down. *And we argued*.

The Chief, and in turn the Major, peek at the surly SENATOR HUME, overseeing from a distance.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Or we can double down on you. Send you after this killer. After all, this crime was committed in the informational world. And *that* is where our killer's hiding. No cop on the street has a hope in hell.

MAJOR
(deliberately)
Where is the Megatech scientist?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
As I say, San Francisco Homicide is treading the traditional shoe leather, interviewing family, compiling a list of suspects.
(walking on)
We think we'll find the suspect here:

INT. WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Chief introduces the Major to an 'ARMY' of AI TECHS at work stations. Eerily, they nod at the Major in unison, and return to BLINKING LIGHTS on a map of GREATER SAN FRANCISCO.

JACOB
What do those lights represent?

SHIGA, 60, the lead forensic, steps up in a LONG RED ROBE.

SHIGA
Each light represents the potential source of our hacker. There were over a thousand yesterday. My AI's have it down to less than a hundred.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
And when they narrow it to one, Major, your team will be ready to pounce - so that this never happens again.

MAJOR
My *team*?

The Major peeks at Jacob: he's just as lost.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
The brain dive you underwent was standard. But we dove a little further. Your mind offered us everything we needed...
(a beat)
We've tracked down the operatives you rated the highest from your past. They're undergoing physical and psychological examinations as we speak. If they pass, they'll join Tier 9. An offensive, cyber-crime black op.
(a beat)
Lead by you.
(a beat)
Would you li--

MAJOR
Yes, I'd like to see that.

INT. TESTING FACILITY - DAY

A LARGE BOX, the size of a train car, rocks on hydraulics. PSYCHOLOGISTS and ANALYSTS stand around monitors outside.

EXT. OCEAN LEVEL (FLIGHT SIMULATOR) - CONTINUOUS

A futuristic OSPREY skims over a violent ocean, dodging LIGHTNING. ISHAM (né ISHIKAWA), 40's, bearded, pilots.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (V.O.)
Isham has extracted you from more parts of the world than I've seen myself.

ISHAM
Target coordinates received.

Isham peeks back at SAITO, a sniper with an 'EYEPATCH', a long scar down his neck, and a dragon tattoo on his chest.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (V.O.)
You fought *against* Saito in the war. Fortunately for us, the GPS in his 'eagle eye' now uses our satellites.

From his prone position, Saito FIRES, casually picking off a PELICAN in the distance. Isham looks back disapprovingly.

SAITO
That's what they're out there for!

ISHAM
Cyber-karma, brother. This place reads minds.

The skies part, SUNLIGHT raining down on... AT&T PARK, home to baseball's Giants, rising majestically over the bay.

EXT. AT&T PARK - DAY (SIMULATION)

The Yankees are in town. The teams sport relic 1961 jerseys. The Giants' BATTER, with enormous cyborg arms, CRUSHES a ball over the right field wall....into San Francisco Bay.

KAYAKERS, *way* further out than in our day, paddle furiously.

The Osprey swoops high, posting a mile above the stadium.

SAITO
Roger Spector, I have the mark. Confirming target identity.

EAGLE EYE POV: One 'FAT CAT' FAN in the stands - a needle in a haystack of INNOCENT BYSTANDERS. Suddenly the Osprey ROCKS.

ISHAM
Whoa, fire from below!

At OCEAN LEVEL, the (simulated) kayakers FIRE at the aircraft. Saito factors the turbulence into his model...*steady*...and--

PHFTT! His bullet pierces the Fat Cat's heart, from 3000 feet.

ISHAM
We're *outta* here.

Isham steers them out to sea, as they're bombarded by-- PELICANS. Hundreds of them.

SAITO
Very funny.

Saito SNIPES them off at hyper-speed. Fish in a barrel. Until, a MASSIVE CREATURE begins closing on them...

SAITO
Holy shit... Is that a dragon!?

ISHAM
Hit it!

Saito's dragon tattoo is visible, as the dragon opens its mouth, ready to SWALLOW THEM WHOLE--

SAITO
(revelling in it)
Yyyes!!!

The simulation ENDS abruptly. BLANK SCREENS all around.

EXT. TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The 'box car', containing Saito and Isham, comes to rest. TOM GASOL (30's, blonde, by-the-book) attempts humor alongside the YELLOW-ROBED ANALYSTS.

TOM GASOL
(sarcastically)
Say what you will, those are <u>not</u> the guys you bring to a fight with a dragon. Or a wizard... No? Nada?
(he's ignored)
Can I fight a gargoyle?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Last but not least, Major: you know Tom Gasol. You noted him on several joint missions in the past.

Tom (né Togasa) shakes the Major's hand, Jacob in tow.

TOM GASOL
I'm definitely the least. Still just a regular cop. And a dad now.

Again, he gets little reaction.

TOM GASOL
(re: the simulator)
Yeah, I can't do any of this stuff.

JACOB
But you can't be hacked, either.

TOM GASOL
(gratefully)
That's right.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
To balance a team of cyborgs, it's critical to bake in some <u>imperfection</u>.

TOM GASOL
(less gratefully)
...Right.

MAJOR
Chief, there's one person missing.

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER in the distance.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(re: Batou)
We wouldn't think of separating you.

INT. PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Batou sits happily on an exam table before TWO ENGINOCTORS (crosses between doctors and engineers), presenting INK BLOTS:

BATOU
Oh, that is dirty you guys.
(another INK BLOT)
Ohhhh, I *love* it.

The Enginoctors try not to laugh...leading to OUTBURSTS.

ENGINOCTOR 1 (O.S.)
And this one?

BATOU
Seriously, I wanna *party* with you guys.
You're freaks!

Batou smiles at the Major in the doorway, until seeing Jacob.

EXT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE EVALUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Chief looks in, over Jacob and the Major's shoulder.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Batou is limited by his natural skeleture. He's requested arms like yours, but they'd simply rip out of his organic sockets. Where as you, Major...
(they turn to face him)
Are limited by nothing.

JACOB
So was Hannah. Look what happened to her.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
It's true. The more we cyberize, the more vulnerable we become.

Raw, competing emotions tug on the Major's face.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We can curl your body up. Hide your mind away... Or we can upgrade you. We can race against these hackers, biting at our heels.

Jacob peeks at the Major: she's rising to the call.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We're combining Megatech software, and military science...to make you the most advanced being on the face of the earth.
(closing)
You save yourself - you save us all.

MAJOR
All of my upgrades have been done by William. Who would oversee...?

The Chief eyes Jacob, this is why he's here.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
As I say Major, your mind told us everything we needed to know.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Major settles nervously in a massive 'E-THRONE'. She has CORDS in almost every part of her body, in every port.

JACOB
This isn't like your other upgrades. We're uploading so much software, we're actually moving some of your living memories to an external server.

MAJOR
And?

JACOB
And that's not something we usually do on a *living* person.

NURSES coarsely push and prod the Major.

JACOB
My dad never wanted you to give up any of yourself.

MAJOR
Jacob. My entire life, past the age of 5, I owe to him. I don't want it back until I've made somebody pay.

JACOB
And when it's over, you won't remember who he was to you.

MAJOR
When it's over you can put me back together again. Just like he would've.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, OFF THE O.R. - CONTINUOUS

Batou watches as Jacob strides to monitors, like a director leaving his star actress <u>alone</u> on the set. OVER SPEAKERS:

VOICES from the Major's mind, like changing radio stations.

BATOU
What's she doing?

HEAD NURSE
What she always does. She's searching for any B.C. memories.

BATOU
B.C.?

HEAD NURSE
Before cyberization.
(a beat)
(MORE)

HEAD NURSE (cont'd)
I'm sorry, but you can't be in here. Only family and authorized personnel.

BATOU
Yeah, I'm a nurse.

HEAD NURSE
(looking three feet up)
I'm the head of nursing. I think I might've noticed you.
(a compassionate beat)
You look more like family, to me.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Batou enters in TINY SCRUBS - literally bursting at the seams. He navigates the tense, shadowy room.

JACOB (O.S.)
Major, in a moment I'll ask you to count backwards from ten.

Jacob, at a monitor like a film director, eyes SENATOR HUME:

JACOB
Does he need to be here?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
('*unfortunately*')
He's chair of the Senate Oversight Committee.

Batou finds the Major, breathing uneasily. She looks strangely fragile, like a young girl before an operation.

BATOU
(whispers)
If you don't wake up, can I have your scuba gear?

The Major smiles, relieved to have a friend by her side.

MAJOR
(his tight clothes)
Good look for you.

BATOU
Well I heard *you* were getting a makeover. Can't have you one-upping me.

Batou tentatively touches her hand.

BATOU
You sure you don't wanna let the bad guys go? Hang up this body? Live to be at least...eighty, on our own.

MAJOR
(smiles; eyes dimming)
Eighty's the new thirty.

BATOU
I won't let you be the next victim--

MAJOR
Batou...I've always been a target. I want to be untouchable now.

Batou instinctively removes his hand. Shiga BURSTS IN--

SHIGA
We've traced the hack!

Batou's not leaving the Major.

MAJOR
Do your job, Batou. They need you.

She's looking up at an OBSERVATION DECK: Saito (sniper), Isham (pilot) and Tom (cop) exit hurriedly - *called to arms*.

MAJOR
I have Jacob.

Batou nods forlornly. He eyes Jacob, who nods dutifully:

JACOB
Start counting.

MAJOR
10...9...8...
(she winks at Batou)
7... ...

HEAD NURSE
She's under.

JACOB
Systems charged and ready. Rebooting... NOW.

ZAP!!! The Major's body PULSES with energy.

FADE TO WHITE.

As the white out fades, a single, BLINKING LIGHT remains. This is the source of the hack, on the map of San Francisco.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER'S POINT (THE FORGOTTEN ZONE) - NIGHT

From high above, the city grid ALIGHT, we cross into DARKNESS, into a commercially abandoned pocket of the city. Just the single, blinking light on a peninsula of darkness.

SHIGA (O.S., ON THE NET)
The source of the hack isn't moving. It's in the heart of the Forgotten Zone.

We push in further, finding SAITO setting up on a roof top.

SAITO (ON THE NET)
Tell you what, boys: this may be the Orchestrator's territory, but it's a sniper's paradise.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (ON THE NET)
And don't say that name, Saito. We don't know who's listening.

SAITO (ON THE NET)
Sorry, Chief.

Saito playfully gives the sky the finger. We look through his scope: TOM walks the street below.

SAITO (ON THE NET)
Jesus, new guy. Pitch black and I can *still* see that antique earpiece.

STREET LEVEL. Tom walks briskly thru the warehouse district.

TOM GASOL (INTO RADIO)
No, you can't.

Tom passes a garbage-can-fire, HOMELESS VETERANS around it. He passes a CYBER-DEALER, with reflective 'MIRROR SKIN'.

CYBER DEALER
Hey, you wanna take a trip, brother? No hangover.

Tom ignores the dealer's open jacket, lined with USB CARDS.

BATOU (O.S., ON THE NET)
You're approaching the source of the hack. It's behind one of these lucky doors.

Tom approaches a shadowy doorway...TWO MASSIVE BOUNCERS step forward. Tom walks on, and they slowly recede.

TOM GASOL (INTO RADIO)
Ohhh, they did *not* like that.

SAITO (ON THE NET)
They're guarding <u>something</u> there.

Tom passes Batou, undercover as well, heading the other way.

BATOU (ON THE NET)
One way to find out.

Batou approaches the door, met by the two doormen.

DOORMAN 1
Help you?

BATOU
Yeah, where do the high school girls hang out around here?

SWITCHBLADES shoot from under their cuffs, *and* their skin.

BATOU
Hang on a second. You got something on your face. No, yeah, *right* there..

RED DOTS (laser sights) dance on the bouncers' cheeks. Angle on Saito, holding a rifle steady <u>in each hand</u>.

BATOU
No, here, lemme get it for you.

Batou reaches out slowly, and PUNCHES the man out cold. The other doorman lunges, Batou twisting him into a sleeper hold.

BATOU
Shhhh, nap time. Nighty, nighty.
(he's out)
Yeh freak.

Tom closes quickly - eyes wide - this 'Batou' is frightening. Tom tries to drag one body inside. *Batou has to drag both*.

BATOU
Hey. I don't look like these guys, do I?

He looks *just* like them.

TOM GASOL
Nnno...?

BATOU
Look at all these black market upgrades. I mean jeez, know when to quit, guys.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - MOMENTS LATER, NIGHT

Batou, Saito, and Tom navigate a cavernous hall, STRANGE CHIRPING ahead. Ceiling windows allow columns of light.

SAITO
(whispers)
Look at the size of this place. What the hell are they hiding?

TOM GASOL
Was it a church, maybe?

The floor GROANS, even SHIFTS beneath their feet.

SAITO
I'm gonna *get* religious if this floor moves one more time.

They follow their weapons, between pillars wrapped in VINES. Batou feels EYES watching him, from a moss-covered wall.

BATOU
What the...?

He pulls down a MASK - wooden and painted.

BATOU
...You know where we are?

SAITO
Where?

BATOU
We're in a museum.

SAITO
In the Forgotten Zone?

BATOU
Wrong side of the tracks. Must've got left behind after the big one.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
Gentlemen, the source of the hack...

STATIC. The signal is temporarily lost.

TOM GASOL
What'd he say?

SAITO
He said we should get the hell out of here. We're walking into a trap.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
The source is in the next room!

HUMMING can suddenly be heard ahead. The men slink into--

A PITCH BLACK DEN.

Tom lights a contained flare, Saito shielding his EAGLE EYE:

SAITO
Jesus, man! A little warning--

All three men are STUNNED SILENT. The walls are lined with CYBORGS in disrepair, most with STRANGE, BLACK-MARKET PARTS.

BATOU
(awed)
It's a junkyard... It could take decades for them to die. Never seen one this big.

TOM GASOL
So much for universal health care.

SAITO
Which one's our guy?

Tom runs the light over each unique face. Most are on 'sleep mode'. Some have strange skin colorations, implying illness.

TOM GASOL
Some of these look like Megatech parts.

Wires are exposed, internal 'upgrades' hemorrhaging out.

BATOU
They're stolen or counterfeit. Put together in some chop shop.
(mind racing)
Oh man... This isn't a junkyard.

TOM GASOL
It's not?

BATOU
It's a waiting room.

Just then, a METAL CLANK from the next room...

BATOU
(hisses)
Scan them. He's here.

Batou follows his massive sidearm, towards the SOUND...

INT. UNDERGROUND CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Batou enters a Frankensteinian laboratory. LIFELESS SHELLS hang like suits, the brain cases open, the faces unfinished.

An OPERATING TABLE is surrounded by WAX CANDLES. A GENERATOR runs cables to a FREEZER, still on. *Somebody left in a hurry.*

Batou's scope light runs over MECHANICAL PARTS, littering the floor, until he spots LEGS against the wall. His light goes up, over an unmistakable torso, to the MAJOR'S FACE.

BATOU
Major? Is that...*you*?

MAJOR
(whispers)
Shhhh... I came through the back...
Someone was *just* here.

She goes to the GLASS FREEZER, whispering back:

MAJOR
Who did you *think* it was?

BATOU
(exhales; embarrassed)
I meant... 'Is it *still* you'? After your upgrade, I wasn't sure you'd remember me.

MAJOR
Still me, Batou. I forgot to erase your ugly face.

She's joking, but it still stings.

BATOU
Have you <u>ever</u> seen a chop shop like this before?

MAJOR
This isn't just an underground clinic. <u>It's a research facility</u>. Look at these.

The Major pulls a tray of FLESHY HEARTS out of the fridge.

BATOU
They're *saving* the original parts?

MAJOR
Not just any parts...

The next tray holds THREE HUMAN BRAINS.

BATOU
Are those real brains? How can that...?
(it registers)
That's a homicide.

MAJOR
(nodding)
Triple.

INT. WAITING ROOM (PITCH BLACK DEN) - CONTINUOUS

Tom's light stops on an 'idling' man...handsome, Egyptian.

TOM GASOL
Why does this one look familiar?

Saito holds out a DIGITAL TABLET. It maps the points on the man's face - like a fingerprint scan - producing a MATCH:

TAREK AFIFI. MEGATECH EMPLOYEE #3.

SAITO
Shit, it's *him*. The missing scientist.

Tom reaches out, towards the man's shoulder--

SAITO
Wait!

The moment Tarek is touched, he's triggered - SPASMING WILDLY and sending Tom flying. Saito takes AIM--

TOM GASOL
Don't shoot!

Booby-trapped AI'S EXPLODE around the room, as Tarek *RUNS*--

INT. UNDERGROUND CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

--straight into a CLOTHES-LINE, courtesy of Batou's arm.

BATOU
(pinning Tarek)
I got him!

Tarek reaches for a LOCKET on his chain necklace--

MAJOR
Batou, his neck!

SLOW MOTION, as a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT emits from Tarek's locket-weapon, burning Batou's unprotected eyes.

The Major's artificial eyes stay open, as the light washes over. Her vision returns as Tarek SMASHES THROUGH A WINDOW.

EXT. MARINA, OUTSIDE MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

The Major leaps down from the second story window, CHASING Tarek down a pier. It's as if he's '*running the plank*'.

Tarek raises his arms - he's either out of his mind, or someone else is in it - just before PLUNGING INTO THE WATER--

The Major watches as he frighteningly drops over the edge. Without hesitating, she DIVES IN after him.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The Major gathers Tarek with one hand, looks up to the surface, and SPRINGS VIOLENTLY off the sea floor.

The pair explode from the water, and the Major latches onto the dock with one hand. She swings Tarek to safety - he coughs on the dock - confused, disoriented, unpossessed...

The Major exhales, still hanging effortlessly by one hand, strangely fascinated by the choppy water below...

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
Suspect in custody. Request immediate exfil... One man down.

Isham's Osprey skims the bay, SPOTLIGHT on the hanging Major.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY, ESTABLISHING - DAWN

Morning fog yawns over the bay, past ALCATRAZ ISLAND, towards the waking city beyond.

EXT. NEW PRESIDIO - MORNING

A MOTHER and DAUGHTER, 9, dressed prettily, drive to a gate.

DAUGHTER
We're here for my daddy!

The GUARD nods warmly to the mother, opening a 'guest list'.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, TIER 9 - DAY

'*Daddy*', Tarek Afifi, sits with a blanket over his shoulders. Saito and Isham sit across, trying to 'snap him out of it'.

TAREK AFIFI
No, no, no, I'm a lawyer.

SAITO
With what firm?

Tarek rocks slightly, faint SOUNDS messing with his head. Saito slides a photo across: *TAREK WITH HIS FAMILY*.

TAREK AFIFI
No, that's not... Someone's playing a trick on you. I'm not married.

Saito peeks back at the TWO-WAY MIRROR. Beyond the sheen...

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

...the Major watches the sad scene with Chief Aramaki.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Is this our killer? Or another victim?

MAJOR
When he was missing, I suspected an internal, company feud with William. He's also one of the few people technically capable of hacking into Hannah. But it's pretty clear he was... <u>overtaken</u>. Just like she was.

An ATTENDANT cracks the door, interrupting:

ATTENDANT
The guy's family just got here.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Maybe the memories will come back?

MAJOR
(sullenly)
No miracles, Chief. His E-Brain's been wiped as clean as William and Hannah's. They're all victims of the same hacker.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
So now we know: someone's declared war against Megatech.

Senator Hume, omnipresent, emerges from the shadows:

SENATOR HUME
Come now, Major. You were in his lab. You might have missed him by seconds. You're not ready to say his name?

MAJOR
The Orchestrator.
(a beat)
I'm just not ready to say why.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, TIER 9 - DAY

The TWO ENGINOCTORS - once so jovial during Batou's psychological exam - unravel bandages from Batou's head.

ENGINOCTOR 1
These prosthetics have three times the power of God-given eyes.

Batou's patented look is finally revealed: DIME-SIZE MONOCLES. BATOU'S POV: darkness to hazy light, a THIRD-SHADOW nearby.

BATOU
Jeez, Major, you look like hell.

TOM GASOL
The Major's working on who did this to you.

BATOU
(disappointed)
Oh. Good.

Batou's handed a MIRROR, inspecting his new eyes.

ENGINOCTOR 1
Obviously they're only temporary.

In this moment, Batou gives up being handsome to the Major.

BATOU
Nah, they fit.
(’bring me’)
My boots and my badge.

ENGINOCTOR 2
Actually, there’s one more thing.

TOM GASOL
(sensing a private matter)
I’ll see yah after, man.

BATOU
Tell them I’m good as new.
(calling after)
Better, Tommy. Say better!

Batou’s left alone with the Enginoctors.

BATOU
Better... Right docs?

ENGINOCTOR 1
Mr. Batou...we administered a standard diagnostic before your surgery.
(awkwardly)
Have you heard of cyber-meningioma?

BATOU
What? You mean ‘Poor Man’s Disease’?
Sure. You put cheap parts in your body, bad things happen.

ENGINOCTOR 1
That’s the root of it, yes. But we’re also hearing of cases trickling in, around the world, <u>of the tumors in very high-end, highly cyberized people</u>.

ENGINOCTOR 2
We’ve never seen a case *ourselves*...
Until you.

BATOU
I’m sick? ‘Cuz of my upgrades?

ENGINOCTOR 1
If it’s ‘metastic’, that means it started in one part of your body, and crossed the blood-brain-barrier.

BATOU
Well, let's take care of it! Put me in a shell, like the Major. It's not easy keeping up with these old bones.

ENGINOCTOR 2
We can't put you in a shell because it's already in your brain.

ENGINOCTOR 1
We need to know which part is failing all of you. And we don't. Yet.

BATOU
So...what about the Major? She's surrounded by radiation.

ENGINOCTOR 2
The Major has a different HLA-type on her cells. It's genetic luck of the draw.

BATOU
...so she's alright?
(they NOD)
Good. Better *her* than...

Batou trails off. *Yesterday he thought he was immortal.* SOUND DROPS OUT, as the Enginoctors drone on.

TAREK AFIFI (O.S., OVERLAP)
Can someone *please* turn the noise down?

INT. WAREHOUSE, TIER 9 - CONTINUOUS

Tarek sits between his worried wife and daughter.

TAREK AFIFI
(pleadingly)
It's in my head. Can you shut it off?

We're in what could be an empty airplane hangar. Tarek's family is surrounded by the TIER 9 TEAM (minus Batou) as if they're watching '*theater in the round*'.

MAJOR
(ignoring Tarek)
It's the Orchestrator's calling card. He leaves a song behind, from his victim's internal playlist. This time he left 12.

The 12 SONGS BLARE, momentarily, over the room's speakers.

MAJOR
The only thing he hasn't left us with, is motive.

We see that the Major's ignoring Tarek, <u>because his family is there via 3-D HOLOGRAM</u>. The contrast fades on his scene.

SAITO
Motive? Are you kidding? He's been attacking Megatech for years.

MAJOR
The Orchestrator hasn't launched a single virus against Megatech. Ever. <u>But he *is* a parasite</u>. He pirates Megatech products and sells them on the black market.

TOM GASOL
Do we know *who* the Orchestrator is?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
His only known image was captured three years ago:

A DISTURBING STILL FRAME on the wall: *the Orchestrator has a LONG WHITE MANE over PALE SKIN over SEVERE, ANGULAR FEATURES*.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Age unknown. They used to say he was a white collar hacker who went to prison - came out a little darker.

TOM GASOL
What do they say <u>now</u>?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Everyone has a theory. If you ask someone in the Forgotten Zone, he's Robin Hood. He steals from the advanced, and gives to the left-behind.

SAITO
More like *sells* to them.

ISHAM
You have a theory, Major?

MAJOR
He may be bridging the gap between the classes...but he's no Che Guevara. His only cause is personal gain, and his profits depend on Megatech's success...
(a beat)
(MORE)

MAJOR (cont'd)
Something big is happening. Something's *shifted*, for him to destroy his host.

A SIDE DOOR CLANKS. Batou walks out of the shadows, his NEW EYES revealed. The Major realizes: *she should've been there.*

CHIEF ARAMAKI
What did the Enginoctors say?

BATOU
Said they'd never seen anything like me.

Reassured smirks all around. *Back to business*:

ISHAM
(to all)
Maybe the Orchestrator's surpassed them. If he can control minds he can take over a lot more than just Megatech.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We're all aware of the stakes by now. Our brothers in the police force have entered the zone.

On the WALL 'MOVIE' SCREEN: *A DOZEN SWAT SUV's roll through the Forgotten Zone.*

BATOU
C'mon Chief. He could've changed his face five times since lunch.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Which is why they're leaving no stone unturned.

ONSCREEN: *people are dragged onto the street.*

SAITO
(spooked)
Jesus. They're rolling up everybody.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We're not just looking for the Orchestrator. We're looking for the bodies that belonged to these brains.

The Chief arrives at a 2nd HOLOGRAM SCENE: *Forensics move about the three brains, retrieved from the draconian lab.*

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Forensics have already found a common link: each brain is riddled with tumors.

Batou freezes. *He's not ready to reveal his own diagnosis.*

ISHAM
So it wasn't murder?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
If it was Poor Man's Disease, it's probable the victims came from the Orchestrator's territory. They may have died from his own handywork.

TOM GASOL
So he's stealing from Megatech, and then blaming them for the results.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
William Skinner's being honored tonight at the War Memorial Opera House. If we keep rattling the hornet's nest, we may just draw the Orchestrator out...

SAITO
To what? The *ballet,* Chief?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
To his next logical target.

JACOB SKINNER'S IMAGE appears, next to the Orchestrator's. We push in on the pair, then to the SATELLITE FEED below:

The POLICE INCURSION into the Forgotten Zone continues...

EXT. FORGOTTEN ZONE - CONTINUOUS, DUSK

Garbage can fires have escalated to bonfires. The SWAT TEAMS roll hard, storming tenements, dragging everyone and every *'thing' (*strange cyborgs*)* onto the street.

CIVILIANS from all walks - *immigrants, junkies, runaways, the impoverished, the ill* - line up single-file.

SWAT COMMANDER
Have your ID ready! Keep your hands out of your pockets!

From behind a BONFIRE, the Orchestrator watches angrily. He strides vengefully away, switching to thermoptic camouflage (as we saw the Major use in our opening), and DISAPPEARS.

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE - DUSK

ANOTHER LINE is forming, on the *right* side of the tracks, over a RED CARPET. San Francisco's ELITE are out in force. EVENT SECURITY argue with more imposing PRIVATE BODYGUARDS.

EVENT SECURITY
Have your tickets *and* your ID ready, please!

At the end of the cue, past COLORFUL GOWNS on PERFECT BODIES, Jacob Skinner draws stares. EVENT PHOTOGS snap away.

JACOB'S AI BODYGUARD
Sir, there's a VIP entrance, I beg you--

JACOB
I'm not sneaking in the side door.

JACOB'S AI BODYGUARD
Sir, this isn't--

JACOB
I said I don't like being bullied.

ARTS PATRONS gawk. Jacob lowers his voice:

JACOB
The least we can do is play our part.

JACOB'S AI BODYGUARD
What part is that, sir?

In the distance, OMINOUS SMOKE rises from the Forgotten Zone.

JACOB
Bait.

INT. WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Instruments are warmed in the orchestra pit. Batou overlooks from a high balcony, his new 'EAGLE EYES' scanning the crowd.

BATOU (ON THE NET)
This is the '2'. The '1' is moving into position.

The Major's stiletto heels stride down the aisle, beneath a CRESCENDO OF APPLAUSE.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (V.O.)
...we had no greater patron saint of the arts, than William Skinner...

BATOU
(re: the Major)
What is she *wearing*?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (V.O.)
...and to honor him, and all of us, his son is with us tonight.

Jacob rises reluctantly in ROW 8, like a baseball hero to a curtain call. His eye is caught by the arriving Major: she's stunning, in a <u>feminine</u> evening dress.

The Major excuses her way down the row, Jacob's AI GUARD giving up his seat. She settles next to a duly awed Jacob...

JACOB
Quite the entrance.

MAJOR
I know 104 different martial arts, and I can't walk in heels?
(looks at Jacob)
Where's *that* upgrade, Mister?

He smiles lightly as the HOUSE LIGHTS fall.

MAJOR
(re: their seats)
Couldn't spring for a balcony box?

JACOB
Dad liked to be right in the action.

An ELDERLY ORCHESTRATOR cues a WIND WHISTLE. Jacob and the Major peek at each other - an eerie reminder of our villain.

ON STAGE - A SHORT TIME LATER

CYBERIZED BALLET DANCERS play out a familiar scene:

DOROTHY pirouettes at inhuman speed, blown back by a TORNADO.

A TIN MAN clanks across stage, frightening a LION <u>20 FEET</u> into the air, above a yellow brick road. Every plié, brisé, and grand jeté demonstrates the beauty of progress.

The Major watches, child-like, as she fidgets with her dress.

JACOB
(re: the dress)
Stop fussing, it fits.

MAJOR
How do *you* know?

JACOB
I bribed an employee for your measurements.
(off the Major)
Well who'd you think it was from?

Her eyes revert coyly to the stage, he's stuck on her:

JACOB
We didn't make those people sick, M.

MAJOR
(re: this conversation)
Not here.

ON THE BALCONY,

Batou finds himself drawn to the TIN MAN, in search of a heart. Below, he spots the Major moving up the aisle.

BATOU (ON THE NET)
The '1' is on the move. Repeat, the '1' is on the move with Jacob.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Major ushers Jacob into the privacy of a stall.

JACOB
What are you doing, M?

MAJOR
How do you know what we found out there?

JACOB
Your Chief downloaded me.

MAJOR
My partner was blinded by a white laser locket made for the military by Megatech. How'd he come by that?

JACOB
Do you want a list of the physical shipments he and his thugs have held up? Anyway, I'm ending our weapons program.

The Major's informational and emotional sides do battle.

MAJOR
How do you know you're not making them sick?

JACOB
The Orchestrator's been accusing us for years. But there isn't a company in the world that's responsible for how a product is used *after* it's stolen.

MAJOR
Accused you *where*? On what forum? The news? The net? I haven't seen it.
(a long beat)
Were you talking to him?

JACOB
I've never spoken to him in my life.

MAJOR
Jacob...I can't protect you if you're trying to protect someone else. I don't believe he just up and declared war against you for no reason.

Jacob sags against the partition wall. *Ready to talk*:

JACOB
No...no we're the ones who threw the first punch. My father *was* talking to him. Both he and Tarek, the scientist - they had an arrangement.

MAJOR
What arrangement?

JACOB
For all our advances...it's next to impossible to stop pirating. Most companies view it as an assumed loss. But Dad couldn't accept that. He thought it was only fair, if people were using his ideas, that he should be included. So they made the Orchestrator...an 'unofficial distributor'. Better the devil you know, you know?

MAJOR
(disapprovingly)
Jacob...

JACOB
It was agreed, when I took the reigns, that that arrangement would end. I thought he was becoming too powerful. *I* was the one who cut him off, but he assumed it was dad, and...
(choking up)
He's gonna *know* it's me this time. I'm not gonna let him ruin dad's legacy now - over a single bad decision.
(steeling himself)
One decision. Doesn't make him a bad man. It doesn't, M. It doesn't...

EXT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Batou stands protectively outside the LADIES' ROOM. He's joined by Jacob's AI GUARD, circuitry exposed in the back.

JACOB'S AI GUARD
My boss in there.
(an awkward beat)
She yours?

BATOU
She's not my anything.

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jacob washes his face, collects himself at a sink.

MAJOR
I know you want to be on the front lines. But that's what I'm built for. And I can't do it without you literally backing me up. Changing my passwords and my firewalls. Not running around like some crazy, sheltered, rich boy vigilante.
(Jacob chortles; then)
I don't wanna go through what Hannah did.

JACOB
I don't either. I mean, I don't want *you*--

MAJOR
I know what you meant, Jacob. I'm not just a pretty face, you know?

JACOB
(playfully)
Really? 'Cause you look like one of the airheads I usually go out with.

They share a '*we're caught*' look, as THREE OLD LADIES enter.

INT. FOYER, WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A gala reception in full swing - cocktails and music. Saito and Isham blend into the crowd.

ISHAM (ON THE NET)
Clear on the floor. No sign of the Orchestrator... *Not that we'd know.*

Batou oversees atop a TALL STAIRCASE.

BATOU (ON THE NET)
Isham's right. He could come from anywhere as *anyone*.

AT THE BAR, Jacob turns to the Major with TWO GLASSES of RED.

MAJOR
I had my alcohol processor removed.

JACOB
(passing it anyway)
Horrible way to go through life.

MAJOR
You know what they say: the more expensive the robot, the cheaper the date.

JACOB
I don't see you that way.

MAJOR
(embarrassedly)
I didn't mean... We're practically siblings--

JACOB
I don't see you as anything but <u>human</u>. Maybe the most human, for all your evolutions. And I definitely don't look at you like a sister.
(a beat)
You gotta forgive me, M.

MAJOR
Why?

JACOB
Because I did it. Like everybody else.
I looked at you as this *thing*, you know?
I saw you as the <u>future</u>...
(she nods forgivingly)
Instead of a smart, beautiful,
occasionally violent <u>woman</u>.

MAJOR'S POV: she reads Jacob's heart rate (rising), his face reddens with his body temperature (also rising). *Is it love?*

SENATOR HUME (O.S.)
Mind if I borrow him?

The Senator's addressing the Major, ALL-HUMAN GUARDS in tow:

SENATOR HUME
(re: his bodyguards)
I got some old fashioned boys here.
They'll watch him for yah.

JACOB
I won't be far.

As they walk, PATRONS offer Jacob sympathies. WOMEN reach between the guards simply to touch the young American icon.

SENATOR HUME
All the *real* women you could have...
(peeks back at the Major)
I'll admit she's nice to look at, but
I don't want her anywhere near me.

JACOB
That's probably mutual, Senator.

A reggae classic, '*I Shot the Sheriff*', plays over the hall.

ISHAM (ON THE NET)
(curiously; re: the song)
Anybody request a classic?

BATOU (ON THE NET)
Saito, find the DJ just to be safe.

SAITO (ON THE NET)
On it.

SWEATING MAN (O.S.)
How 'bout a dance?

BACK ON THE FLOOR, a SWEATY MAN gyrates before the Major. She's completely blank.

SWEATING MAN
Alright, skip the dance. You're one of those *practical* girls, aren't you?

MAJOR
And you're a sweaty banker, aren't you?

SWEATING MAN
(grooving)
Ohho yeah! C'mon, one dance!

MAJOR
What if I trip and fall on top of you?

SWEATING MAN
I've got padding for you, baby.

MAJOR
I weigh 471 pounds. I'd crush your ribs and puncture your lungs - you'd be dead in minutes.

SWEATING MAN
...It'd be worth it.

A BEJEWELED WOMAN appears, behind her gyrating husband--

MAJOR
I think your wife might agree.

ACROSS THE ROOM, the Major spots a markedly stressed Jacob.

SENATOR HUME
(to Jacob)
I've been an advocate for progress--
(eyes the Major disgustedly)
--but this is too far, son. She's a twisted branch on the evolutionary tree. <u>And we gotta cut it off</u>. Or how can any of us ever feel safe again?

JACOB
We're all cyberized to some degree.

SENATOR HUME
Not all of us, Jake. Now your father was murdered by one of *them*, as far as my constituents are concerned.

JACOB
The public doesn't know *what* happened yet.

SENATOR HUME
Which is the only reason they're still walking the beat.

JACOB
Really? The *beat*?

The Senator reddens, high society watching at a distance.

SENATOR HUME
(hissing)
I'm the head of the Bio-Ethics committee, if I do nothing and it happens again--

JACOB
The only way it won't happen again, is if we all get out of their damn way.

Jacob meets the Major's approving, affectionate smile...

SENATOR HUME
Put it this way, son: if and when this becomes a public matter, I'm pulling the plug on the whole damn thing.

BATOU (O.S., ON THE NET)
Out, out, out, everybody out!

Jacob and the Major's connected moment is shattered, when--

SMASH!!!

The GLASS CEILING FALLS. Amid the reigning shards, a MALE BODY hits the floor. WEALTHY PATRONS scatter hysterically.

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We fall quietly with TWO MORE YELLOWISH MALE CORPSES. Their torsos bear TATTOOS and SERIAL NUMBERS.

INT. LOBBY, WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

SMASH - SMASH - one body after another! The Major weaves through PANDEMONIUM, taking Jacob from his hesitating AI Guard. She rushes him through--

A DRESSING ROOM,

DANCERS panicking, skirting out the back--

EXT. STAGE DOOR, OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Major throws Jacob into an ARMORED SUV, jumping in after--

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
Stay with him, Major.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
I'm putting him on his plane.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
The Orchestrator could be *on* that plane.
Bring him in, Major.

Close on the Major - calculating.

JACOB
Go if you have to, M.

BATOU (O.S., ON THE NET)
My eyes are set to record, Major.
I'll pick up the pieces.

INT. WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Batou calmly circles the THREE BODIES, natural ligature spilling out alongside wires; *they're highly cyberized*.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WAR ROOM, TIER 9 - CONTINUOUS

Chief Aramaki and Shiga (forensics) look on, over the TECHS.

SHIGA (O.S., ON THE NET)
Batou: let us see how the bodies are spaced. Look for a hidden message.

BATOU
(sarcastically)
Yeah, there's a real subtle message here.

SHIGA
(whispers to the Chief)
Three brains. Now three bodies.

BATOU
Chief, I don't think the fall killed them.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Why's that, Batou?

BATOU
Because their brain cases are empty.
They were already dead.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(to Shiga)
We just found our three 'poor men'.

SHIGA
(mystified)
He wants us to know who they were.

NEWS HELICOPTERS are already en route.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Or he wants the world to know.

Batou peers through the open ceiling to the HIGH RISES ABOVE.

BATOU
Dead men can't jump, Chief.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(following Batou)
...someone dropped them.

BATOU
We have men on every rooftop?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
No one saw a thing.

BATOU
But they were recording, weren't they?

The Chief and Shiga share a look: '*He's right*.'

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(to his Techs)
Run the visual logs of every officer out
there... Not one of you, *all* of you!

The Techs hammer away, ROOFTOP POV's coming up everywhere. A 'BLACK OUT' rolls over each screen.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We're seeing exactly what our rooftop
snipers saw. They've all blacked out at
the same time.

POLICEMAN'S POV: BLACKNESS (*the Orchestrator has interfered, we will learn*) then SCREAMING. We crane down, seeing the last body smash the glass ceiling.

TECHNICIAN
Not *all* at the same time, Chief. I have one thirty seconds later.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN'S POV: an elevator door 'BINGS', about to open, then BLACKNESS - its passenger hinted but not seen.

TECHNICIAN #2
The blackouts are moving. From the rooftop to the lobby.

SHIGA
(eyes ANOTHER BLACKOUT)
How long ago was this one?

TECHNICIAN #2
That's <u>real time</u>, sir.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(whispers)
Holy Mother, he's there in the flesh.
(to all)
That's <u>him</u>!

TECHNICIAN #3
All points. Suspect is on the move...

SHIGA
Elvis is leaving the building.

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

THE ORCHESTRATOR, <u>in his own shell</u>, strides casually out. We see only his long, silvery white hair from behind, as he passes THREE OFFICERS; they stand completely BLANK.

EXT. BUSY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Batou swims upstream, against the flow of ONLOOKERS drawn to the FIRE ENGINES and SIRENS.

BATOU
Where? Which way?!

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
Wait for it - we're searching.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHIGA
(re: the Orchestrator)
Amazing. He's created a cyber-virus that attacks those in his *physical* vicinity.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Batou's going to walk right into it.

SHIGA
<u>There's</u> another blackout!

EXT. BUSY CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

The Orchestrator strides past a DAZED STREET COP.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
Proceed with caution--

BATOU
GIMME THE DAMN COORDINATES!!

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
Target is headed north towards Embarcadero.

Batou DASHES through the mist beneath hanging lanterns.

UP THE STREET,

a HOMELESS MAN, *without a cyberbrain*, begs the Orchestrator for change. The Orchestrator glimpses BATOU DOWN THE STREET.

BATOU'S POV: the homeless man, next to a BLURRING SHAPE - *the virus is launching...*

CUT TO:

INSIDE BATOU'S CYBERBRAIN: a noxious virus streams along 3-D pathways, SLAMMING into CLOSING GATES. One by one, the gates are manually closed just in time.

INT. WAR ROOM, TIER 9 OPERATIONS - CONTINUOUS

The same representation on the wall before ANTI-HACKER TECHS.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(re: Tier 9 Techs)
They shut him out.

EXT. BUSY CHINATOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The blurring shape comes back into focus. Batou gives chase, the Orchestrator darts into a shop--

INT. CHINESE MARKET - CONTINUOUS

A MOTHER swipes food items past her SON'S ear - '*beep*' - then passes them to the CASHIER - another '*beep*'. This goes on until a canned item produces an ALARM from the boy.

MOTHER
What's in that one?

CASHIER
(broken English)
This one have peanuts.

MOTHER
Oh no no no, he's allergic.

BATOU bursts through the door, 'GLOCK 99' raised. The allergic son's jaw drops. Batou tensely scans the aisles.

At the back of the store, METAL DOORS suddenly burst outward, the chase resuming--

INT. EMBARCADERO FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Orchestrator walks calmly through TRAFFIC, upwards of 90 MPH. Batou wisely stops, cars SCREAMING BY. Safely across, the Orchestrator turns back, <u>connecting with Batou</u>:

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
(eerily)
You're on the wrong road, Mr. Batou.
Follow the yellow-skinned bodies.

BATOU (SCREW THE NET)
(shouting across)
No, I'm on <u>your</u> road motherf--
(SEES something; to himself)
Aw, come on.

The ORCHESTRATOR'S BODY begins to REFLECT LIGHT: headlights, harbor lights - <u>he's blending sinuously into the background</u>.

BATOU
Thermoptic camo.

Batou *FIRES* over traffic, the Orchestrator's half-visible (highly cyberized) body dodging bullets at hyper-speed. Batou grinds his teeth; *he's going to lose him*.

BATOU
(eyeing the speedway)
Insurance, don't fail me now.

Batou recklessly enters the speedway - he's HIT BY A CAR - but drives the hood down into the concrete. He's HIT BY ANOTHER CAR, going the other way... But he picks himself up.

Reaching the other side, he finds the Orchestrator GONE.

BATOU
Hey! Alright, alright, I'm listening!
I'll follow the bodies. What do I find?

ORCHESTRATOR'S POV: we CIRCLE around a fevered Batou.

ORCHESTRATOR (CAMOUFLAGED, ON THE NET)
A cure.

Batou's impacted, but spies a bend of light - a SILHOUETTE.

BATOU
(readying to fire)
A cure for who? Who were the yellow-skinned men?

ORCHESTRATOR (CAMOUFLAGED, ON THE NET)
We're all prisoners in the same boat, Batou. They just caught the early ferry.

Batou turns and FIRES! *Did he miss?* He listens. Then:

BATOU
Alright, that was wrong. I apologize.
We were having a conversation.
(a beat)
C'mon cupcake. Talk to me.

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
You're a Megatech attack dog. All I can do is put you on the scent.

BATOU
(hunting again)
I have Megatech parts. I don't work for them... <u>I have a mind of my own</u>.

ORCHESTRATOR (CAMOUFLAGED, ON THE NET)
Time will tell. Or it will run out - on us both.

Batou FIRES blindly - *BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!* Only we see the Orchestrator's faint silhouette, skirting safely away.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
Batou, we've lost the Orchestrator. Repeat, do you have a visual? Batou come in.

Batou wipes his brow, *sweating*. He stumbles slightly, *dizzy*. Something's wrong with his head. Then, as if seeing a mirage:

In a **FERRY PARKING LOT**, a SPORTS CAR is swarmed by FORENSICS

BATOU
Chief... What kind of car did the scientist drive?

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
...You're *looking* at it, aren't you?

BATOU
Son of a bitch.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
He led you there.

INT. WAR ROOM, TIER 9 - NIGHT

Shiga and Chief Aramaki stare up at TWO WALL SCREENS:

ON THE LEFT	**ON THE RIGHT**
Batou on the ferry docks.	*The 'dropped bodies' at the opera house.*

SHIGA
What's the connection? What does the scientist have to do with these bodies?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(re: one of the bodies)
Is that a wound on the neck?

SHIGA
It's a tattoo. Our gang symbologist can't link them to anything but each other.

MAJOR (O.S.)
Tattoos can indicate a tribal existence.

The Major enters, delivering Jacob to safe harbor.

MAJOR
Did you run those bar codes tattoos?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Dead end. Their parts are Megatech but they were installed illegally.

MAJOR
The Orchestrator told Batou: he said they were 'all prisoners'...
(a beat)
Those could be prison ID's.

JACOB
You're right. *She's right.*

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(to Shiga)
Run them.

EXT. FERRY DOCKS - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

Batou writes with an 'old-school' marker on his forearm, piecing together the Orchestrator's words:

WRONG ROAD, YELLOW SKIN, ATTACK DOG, EARLY FERRY.

Just then, a FERRY HORN SOUNDS in the bay. Batou looks out:

BATOU
Chief, are we sure this scientist wasn't going anywhere?

CHIEF ARAMAKI (O.S., ON THE NET)
We've scanned every commercial passenger list. He never left the docks.

Batou's transfixed by the FUTURISTIC FERRY, churning out.

INT. WAR ROOM, TIER 9 - NIGHT

THOUSANDS of PRISONER MUG SHOTS flash over the wall screen, like a kaleidoscope implying a single, morphing face.

The Major's GLOWING EYES flitter even faster, until:

MAJOR
I know why the scientist didn't buy a ferry ticket.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Why, Major?

MAJOR
...because they stopped running tours of Alcatraz when it reopened.

THREE MUGSHOTS match-up like cherries on a slot machine: all INMATES, *all* on Alcatraz.

SHIGA
(aside; re: the Major)
It's creepy when she thinks that fast.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Our John Doe's were inmates on 'the rock'.

JACOB
So how *did* Tarek get there? And what would he be *doing* on Alcatraz?

SHIGA
(the mug shots)
Umm...does that say they're still *alive* on Alcatraz?

Stunned silence. *It does*.

JACOB
No, no, no, you guys - this is a trap! Chief, you can't send her in to--

Jacob stops, his personal feelings for the Major revealed.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
It may well be...but this is not a passive operation. If we find out what the scientist was doing there...

MAJOR
...We unlock this whole thing.

Jacob watches concerned, as the Major mobilizes.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The old military base lit up and refortified.

INT. ISHAM'S OSPREY - CONTINUOUS

Batou peeks out at the Major; she's hanging on the side rail.

MAJOR
Still afraid of the water?

BATOU
Not my style.

She inspects Batou's eyes; *he's self-conscious about them*.

BATOU
Here comes the welcoming party.

Way ahead, a PORTLY WARDEN beside a landing pad.

MAJOR
(squinting)
What do you mean?

BATOU
What? You can't see that?

The MAJOR'S POV: she can see them all perfectly.

MAJOR
Are those...*people*?

Batou's tickled; finally *something* he can do better.

BATOU
We're not all created equal, Major.

ISHAM (O.S., ON THE NET)
Starting descent.

BATOU
Major? What did Jacob say to you?
In the ladies' room.

MAJOR
(conflicted)
Nothing... Just that he can't control
his feelings for me.

BATOU
Well, he's only human.

MAJOR
(gravely)
And that his father and the Orchestrator
were in bed together.
(a beat)
No, not literally, Batou.

BATOU
...Jesus.

EXT. LANDING PAD, ALCATRAZ ISLAND - NIGHT

The Warden is flanked by 12 GUARDS, heavily armed. Batou and the Major disembark, Isham and Saito guarding their ride.

WARDEN
Nobody gets on this island without us knowing about it!
(a beat)
We <u>invited</u> that scientist.

INT. PRISONER'S ROW - NIGHT

MASSIVE CYBORG PRISONERS whistle and slobber, even zap themselves on electric bars, trying to catch a glimpse of--

THE MAJOR. She follows the Warden, impervious to the pervs.

WARDEN
With today's technology, it's illegal for us to pronounce an inmate dead. Our prison doctor does his best here, then they're shipped to the mainland to see if their ghosts can be resuscitated.

The Warden JOLTS a reaching inmate with an ELECTRIC BATON.

WARDEN
(calmly)
How those bodies went missing - well honey, that's off my island.

Batou follows, HUSHING convicts with a look. They reach an empty cell:

WARDEN
This is modern day *maximum* security, *minimum* privilege. Congress made it illegal to rip out a prisoner's black market parts, so we take advantage of'em. These monsters are too heavy to swim.

Batou steps into the cell, unsettled by the electric bars; *this could cause <u>minor</u> ionizing radiation.*

WARDEN
Course we don't want it coming to that, so we have to use a little electricity.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
Too much voltage?

BATOU (ON THE NET)
Not nearly enough to kill anybody.

MAJOR
How many prisoners have you 'shipped off'?

WARDEN
In the last year... Nine.
(embarrassed)
That's why we called your scientist.
To tell us what the hell's gone wrong.

MAJOR
Show us where he worked.

INT. BASEMENT MORGUE, ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

A FLAT LINE on a wall screen. It spikes, then settles alongside the familiar, 'no pulse' death tone.

A PRISON DOCTOR puts down defibrillator paddles, an INMATE DEAD on his table. The Warden enters--

PRISON DOCTOR
('another dead inmate')
Make it an even ten.

--followed by the Major and Batou. The Warden eyes the body--

WARDEN
Well let's go, get him on a boat!

MAJOR
Hang on, Warden.
(her hand SCANS the body)
Dead is dead.

Batou stares down the nervous doctor. *It's tense in here.*

BATOU
(to the doctor)
So you worked directly with Tarek Afifi?

WARDEN
We established that.

BATOU
What was the first thing he did here?

PRISON DOCTOR
He examined the body of the deceased.

BATOU
One body? You lost one prisoner, and called in a specialist from Megatech?

WARDEN
That's right.

BATOU
Why would the body still be here, if you ship them off so quickly?

WARDEN
It was our first one. We didn't have the protocol in place yet.

Suddenly, Beyonce's '*BEAUTIFUL LIAR*' replaces the death tone.

WARDEN
What's going on? Is he *alive!?*

PRISON DOCTOR
(nerves fraying)
He's still dead. Someone's hacked into his internal playlist.

The Major and Batou share a wry look: they know the '*someone*' by now. The Warden lunges--

WARDEN
Well shut it down! C'mon! Do it!

The doctor trembles as the Warden's anger betrays him.

INT. TIER 9 WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An AI TECH puts a hand up, Chief Aramaki striding over:

CHIEF ARAMAKI
What's wrong?

AI TECH
Someone's hacked into the Alcatraz mainframe.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Jesus. Well get them out!

INT. PRISONER'S ROW - CONTINUOUS

The electric cells fall quiet... And the DOORS SLIDE OPEN...

One by one, the monstrous prisoners slink out. *Someone doesn't want the Major's investigation to continue.*

INT. BASEMENT MORGUE, ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

The PRISON DOCTOR is shaking like a leaf.

BATOU
C'mon Doc. What's really going on here? Were you experimenting on these prisoners?

WARDEN
He's already told you, we invited--

MAJOR
(eyes flitter)
That's a $51,000 watch, Warden. Should I search a warden's salary next?

Batou steps in front of the Major, towering over the Warden.

PRISON DOCTOR
They wanted to use our prisoners as a sample population. Because they were so cyberized, already. There's a silent epidemic...they wanted a silent cure.

WARDEN
(over-acting)
Well, this is *all* news to me!!

SIRENS ROAR above. Sounds of a burgeoning RIOT. The Warden opportunistically rushes out, leaving the Doctor behind:

MAJOR
Keep talking.

INT. TIER 9 WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Chief goes back and forth: between the PERFECT FEED via the Major's eyes, and the UNFOLDING RIOT on CLOSED CIRCUIT.

CHIEF ARAMAKI (ON THE NET)
(calmly)
Major, you've got a cyborg riot upstairs. Get out of there, now.

Jacob emerges from the shadows, sidling next to Aramaki.

JACOB
(sadly)
He's orchestrating all of this.

INT. BASEMENT MORGUE, ALCATRAZ - CONTINUOUS

The Prison Doctor shows something that looks like a CAT Scan.

PRISON DOCTOR
At first I thought we were trying to fix them. But we were *accelerating* the radiation. Making them sick on purpose, to find the root - the weak link in their defenses.

BATOU
(emotional)
Did you find it?

PRISON DOCTOR
The last day Tarek was here, he said he'd found the cause. But he was scared out of his mind.

MAJOR
Why?

PRISON DOCTOR
This isn't a class disease. It can affect anyone.

BATOU
We know.

ON THE MAJOR: '*We do*'? The doctor braces himself, then:

PRISON DOCTOR
Skinner was working with the Orchestrator. But when Tarek finally found the cause, they cut the Orchestrator out.

INSERT:

INT. WAR ROOM, TIER 9 - CONTINUOUS

Jacob has been watching this, alongside the Chief.

JACOB
My father wouldn't... He wouldn't...

He sinks into a chair, seemingly accepting that *'he would'*.

BACK TO SCENE

Batou has taken the Major aside.

BATOU
You said the Orchestrator was out for himself?

MAJOR
That's right.

BATOU
He's sick. Himself. That's why he wanted what was in Tarek and William's head. He needed the cure.

MAJOR
How do you know he's sick?

BATOU
'We're in the same boat'...his words.

MAJOR
But you're not sick--

The Major realizes, all at once - *her friend is dying*. She's not equipped to say the right thing... So she presses on:

MAJOR
(to the doc; fiercely)
So what were they going to do?

PRISON DOCTOR
Replace the faulty part, going forward.

BATOU
C'mon, was part was it!?

PRISON DOCTOR
I swear, Tarek wouldn't tell me, to protect me.

MAJOR
And what about those already sick?

PRISON DOCTOR
...They're on their own.

The Major cranes to the RIOT above, then to the culpable doc:

MAJOR
So are you.

INT. ALCATRAZ PRISON - CONTINUOUS

The Warden fires a STUN GUN - frying charging inmates - but he's consumed by the ANGRY TIDE.

Batou and the Major emerge into general population: FIFTY MONSTER INMATES scratch the doors - rats on a sinking ship.

MAJOR
(to Batou)
Lose the baton.

Batou chucks an electric baton he picked up. The tide turns:

SKINHEAD
(dementedly)
Look who got left behiiiind!

An OLD MAN WITH A YOUNG BODY creeps towards the Major:

OLD MAN YOUNG BODY
She's gotta have a key!!

BATOU
You don't, do you?

The MAJOR's POV: she RANKS the threats. We see

'1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,' placed over the most dangerous men.

MAJOR
Isham, requesting exfil.

ISHAM (O.S.)
Yyyeah Major, we got a little problem here.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - NIGHT

FIVE INMATES cling to Isham's low-hovering aircraft, as the pilot ROCKS his wings. Saito turns his rifle over, stepping out precariously, and begins BUTTING the prisoners off...

SAITO (ON RADIO)
Just get up here, we're good to go!

INT. ALCATRAZ PRISON - CONTINUOUS

The Major calmly passes Batou an elastic tether. He 'clips in', and they're attached - BACK TO BACK.

Batou cracks his neck. The MOB surrounds the pair. They rotate nimbly, covering each other, as they're surrounded...

And ATTACKED. At times we lose Batou and the Major, beneath the hellish waves, but they always PUNCH OUT.

The Major spots a path to escape: she begins SCALING the wall. Still fighting, Batou finds himself hoisted into the air. The Major's fingertips strain, she's carrying over 1000 LBS, when an ULTIMATE FIGHTER jumps onto Batou. Make it 1500 LBS.

The Major's biceps shake. A LATIN KING jumps onto the Ultimate Fighter. Well over 2000 LBS, her fingers slipping...

MAJOR
BATOU!!!

Batou begins exchanging HEAD-BUTTS with the Ultimate Fighter - both faces bloodied - until the fighter lets go. The Major quickly climbs the rest of the way, PUNCHING THROUGH THE ROOF--

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

Isham holds steady off shore. A LADDER drops towards the churning sea.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
Anytime, Isham!

PRISON GUARDS abandon the island, by way of the POLICE FERRY. It's chaos as the Major totes a dazed Batou to the edge of shore. Isham SWOOPS straight for them, the LADDER dangling--

MAJOR
One shot at this, Batou. Ready?

BATOU
(bleeding, half-kidding)
I don't wanna drown. It's not my--

MAJOR
Not your style, I know... Now!

They both LEAP and cling to the ladder. They SKID along the ocean's dark surface...letting go means certain death.

MAJOR
Pull up, Isham!

Amid the fear, Batou locks eyes with the Major, almost chuckling. *This is when he's happiest*. They begin climbing.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob speaks into a wall-mounted, secure land line. Tom and Chief Aramaki approach, letting him finish his conversation:

JACOB
Shut it down... Everything.
(nodding)
Yeah, better safe than sorry.

Aramaki nods approvingly. Jacob hangs up, facing him:

JACOB
I've stopped every production line.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Your father's memories...

JACOB
My assistant's bringing them down now.
Do you wanna go through mine, as well?
I have nothing to hide.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We'll set you up for a brain dive,
immediately. Thank you.

JACOB
Chief?
(Aramaki turns back)
Can it be the Major that does it?

CHIEF ARAMAKI
(nodding)
She's en route.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, TIER 9 - A SHORT TIME LATER

Jacob sits alone the dim operating room, where he once 'upgraded' the Major before an awed gallery. He stares at his father's memories, in an URN on the table before him...

The Major enters.

JACOB
(rising)
You alright?

MAJOR
How much did you know, Jacob?

JACOB
Are you serious? I told you he wasn't perfect. Does that mean you're gonna stop looking for his killer?

The Major peeks behind her: Saito, Isham, and Aramaki look on from the OBSERVATION DECK. The Major sits, joining Jacob:

MAJOR
No. Of course not. He was a second father.
(Jacob nods, choked up)
But I have someone else that I consider family. And I'm not ready to lose him yet.

She hands him a CORD from the back of her neck, readying to dive into Jacob's mind.

JACOB
Me? I'm not going anywhere--

MAJOR
Not you, Jacob. Someone else.

INT. ARMORY (WEAPONS PEN) - CONTINUOUS

BATOU (that 'someone else') grits his teeth as KEVLAR STITCHES are needled through his skin. The Enginoctors are refitting his internal arm rifle, amid STACKS of WEAPONS.

TOM GASOL
Jacob's with the Major. He's submitted to a brain dive.

Tom grimaces at the gory stitching.

BATOU
Really? That means he doesn't know shit.

TOM GASOL
And you think the Orchestrator does? You think he knows what's wrong with you?

BATOU
<u>He's still looking</u>. That's why he sent us to dig things up at Alcatraz.

TOM GASOL
That's one of the things bugging me.

BATOU
What's bugging you?

TOM GASOL
Look, maybe I'm not thinking as fast as you, but that prison doctor was positive... He said the scientist was holding the cure.

Even the Enginoctors slow down to listen...

BATOU
That's right.

TOM GASOL
So if the Orchestrator's the one that broke into his head...<u>why's he still looking</u>?

BATOU
(swallows)
What else is bothering you?

TOM GASOL
Well...let's say it *was* the Orchestrator; why'd he just leave the scientist <u>in his backyard</u> when he was done with him? For us to find?

Batou's head spins...it's all coming together for him.

BATOU
He never said which Skinner.

TOM GASOL
Who never said--

BATOU
The prison doctor. He said Skinner was working with the Orchestrator. <u>He could've meant the *father*, or</u>...

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE TIER 9 WAR ROOM - <u>FLASHBACK</u>

As we saw, Jacob speaks into the wall-mounted, secure land line. Chief Aramaki approaches.

JACOB (INTO PHONE)
Shut it down... Everything.
(nodding)
Yeah, better safe than sorry.

Jacob hangs up. *But now we see...*

CUT TO:

INT. SENATOR HUME'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

SENATOR HUME hangs up heavily. *His pact with Jacob revealed.*

SENATOR HUME (INTO INTERCOM)
Get me the Presidio Police. We're shutting down Tier 9.

INT. TIER 9 HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

FORTY MILITARY POLICEMEN (MP's) snake down the halls, behind special CYBORG STUN-GUNS. The Senator trails cautiously.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

Tom bursts back into the weapons pen, panicked--

TOM GASOL
Shit, they're already here! They're coming!

BATOU
(to Enginoctors)
Let's go! Get me out of this chair!

They DRILL Batou together like a Daytona Pit Crew.

BATOU
Just gimme the high gear!!

INT. TIER 9 HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The MP's barrel straight for the ARMORY DOORS, bursting in--

INT. ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

--to find Batou and Tom gone. 'Nuts and bolts' wobble drolly at the Enginoctors' feet. The first one BUZZES his drill triumphantly - '*Too late suckers*' - then quickly regrets it.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, OFF THE O.R. - CONTINUOUS

Unaware of the MP's, the Chief, Saito and Isham stand fixated at the glass: the Major and Jacob sit side by side, *CONNECTED*.

Suddenly, the doors BURST OPEN, stun guns everywhere--

M.P. COMMANDER
Down, weapons down, on the ground!

Saito and Isham aren't resisting arrest, they're BLOCKING the door to the Major and Jacob.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
We have a brain dive in progress,
we can't interrupt it!

The Senator enters last:

SENATOR HUME
Nobody's going in there, Chief.
We're not heathens, after all.
(to the MP's)
Now get them out of here.

As Saito, Isham and the Chief are detained, the Senator moves pensively to the glass. We PUSH in on the Major and Jacob...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Close on Jacob, as ONE EYE opens, eerily. From the corner of his eye, we follow the cord connecting him to the Major. Her eyes are closed, as she RELIVES Jacob's experiences...

We *DIVE* in, through WHITE TRACKING COLUMNS, joining her:

INT. WILLIAM SKINNER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

WILLIAM SKINNER STUMBLES BACKWARDS*...as if chased by the Orchestrator.*

WILLIAM SKINNER
Listen to me! I know what you and Tarek have been doing. Those experiments! It's over! We're recalling everything!

William holds out a telephone.

WILLIAM SKINNER
If you don't, then you're not my son.

The half-moon illuminates JACOB'S REFLECTION in the window.

JACOB
(wounded)
Not your son? All these years I've waited in the wings, done everything you said. Now you hand me a broken company and expect me to tear it all down?

WILLIAM SKINNER
I didn't know, son.

JACOB
(losing it)
Not your son? I'll tell you what I am. I'm the fucking brains is what I am! You're a worker. You built a faulty product and I'm fixing it. It's *all* going away.

WILLIAM SKINNER
Son...my only son. Think of all the people out there now. Dying.

JACOB
So what? We save thousands more everyday. We're still in the black!

WILLIAM SKINNER
I can't go along with this.

Jacob menacingly traces his father's wrinkled face.

JACOB
Half of you wants to. I can remove the other half.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Major OPENS HER EYES in fear -- *too late* -- Jacob's A.I. GUARD violently jabs a cord into her CEREBELLUM PORT...

The Major's paralyzed, but her EYES stay open, she's feeling everything. Jacob detaches himself, his tone changed:

JACOB
(quoting the Major)
He was a second father. What makes you so sure you had a family before us?
(lips near her face)
Sure, you *feel* them. But you can't find them. All your memory scans - not one thing. Know what I think? I think Dad made them up, to make you feel human.

The Major's eyes well. The Chief is gone. No sign of Batou.

JACOB
I think he made you from scratch. And I can unmake you like *that*.
(leans in)
I can take them all away - a lifetime of memories. You won't even remember to hate me. Or I can make you mine. Just like your girlfriend, Hannah.
(a beat)
Oh yeah, I *upgraded* her too.
(imagining the Major's response)
Don't look at me like that. You killed her, not me. She could've been fine. So could Dad. But you showed up. You killed them both.

Jacob pauses, eyes his father's URN.

JACOB
Now where the hell we gonna store her?

A 'light bulb' goes on for Jacob, eyeing his AI GUARD.

EXT. FORGOTTEN ZONE - NIGHT

Batou drives, Tom's head on a swivel riding shotgun. They pass the ABANDONED MUSEUM, deep in the Orchestrator's turf.

BATOU
Should we go back for her!?

TOM GASOL
And what? Invade an American military base? You got the wrong partner for that.

They pass the ABANDONED MUSEUM, back on the Orchestrator's turf.

BATOU
It's no more dangerous than this place.

TOM GASOL
Then what're we DOING back here!?

BATOU
I DON'T KNOW YET! I'm gonna arrest him.
(a beat)
Or enlist him. I need you in case he starts messing with my head.

Batou swerves. He's overheating, as his mind begins to go.

TOM GASOL
Whoa, whoa, whoa... We alright?

BATOU
(wipes his forehead)
Fine. We're fine.

TOM GASOL
(subdued)
We're never gonna find the Orchestrator.

BATOU
He'll show his face this time. He'll talk now that he knows...

TOM GASOL
Knows you're not programmed to kill him.

BATOU
I'm making no promises.

Ahead, a MOTLEY GROUP of TEENS force a right turn.

BATOU
See, look at this yah caveman...

ANOTHER GROUP forces a left.

TOM GASOL
We're back on the yellow brick road.

Their headlights funnel towards a HALF-FINISHED, SIX STORY WAREHOUSE. At the base, 20 ARMED THUGS wait in the grass.

TOM GASOL
(sarcastically)
Oh yeah. He trusts us.

As Batou parks, Tom loads a RELIC GLOCK.

BATOU
They're gonna pat us down, so unless you can fit that inside you...

Tom cringes. Batou passes him PROTECTIVE GOGGLES--

BATOU
You might need these.

TOM GASOL
Great. Twins.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The freight elevator rises, open to the elements. Tom and Batou stare out stoically over San Francisco Bay, 2061, as they're patted down by the Orchestrator's Thugs.

Tom puts on the white lenses - matching Batou's - and despite the fear, he realizes...*he will never feel this cool again.*

TOM GASOL
No elevator music?
(directly to Batou)
This guy's slipping.

Batou finally smirks, full-fledgedly accepting Tom.

EXT. TOP FLOOR, ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

The 20th century grate is opened, the mood deadly serious. Batou steps into the dark space, PILLARS blocking full view.

ORCHESTRATOR (O.S.)
You've taken quite a risk, Mr. Batou.

Tom answers Batou's look: '*I don't see him.*'

BATOU
A dead man risks nothin'. You know that.

ORCHESTRATOR (O.S.)
And your friend, with his young family?

BATOU
(eyes Tom)
Brave and stupid.

From the shadows, the Orchestrator emerges: his face is 'SCRAMBLED', like a swirling storm on a weather forecast.

ORCHESTRATOR
I'd like to reward you with a cure. I've been so close, so many times. He wanted to tell me, before he died. He told William. But now they're gone and it's just...floating somewhere in the ether.

BATOU
The scientist's confession.

The Orchestrator comes closer, a sight to behold.

ORCHESTRATOR
I'm sorry about your eyes. But you know now it wasn't me, don't you?

BATOU
Jacob needed to keep his father and the scientist quiet. He framed you for it.

ORCHESTRATOR
If it was me, I certainly wouldn't leave him lying in one of my waiting rooms.

Tom eyes Batou nervously: '*Told you so*'.

BATOU
Were you ever in business with either Skinner?

The Orchestrator drops his cyber-mask... His REAL FACE is jarringly gaunt, gray, and sickly.

ORCHESTRATOR
Do I look like I'm in the kick-back business?

He doesn't look like *anything they've ever seen*.

ORCHESTRATOR
I work for myself. But I answer to the people I've upgraded. The people whose hard-earned money I've taken. I won't sit back and watch them all die, quietly away.

INSERT:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The MAJOR stares up at the nine story structure. She LEAPS to the fourth floor, and begins scaling the rest of the way.

BACK TO SCENE

ORCHESTRATOR
Don't feel ashamed. I too was fooled by Jacob. I believed he would share a cure. Or at least let me steal it.

He waits for a laugh. Tom offers a nervous FAKE ONE: '*Hah.*'

ORCHESTRATOR
Now he'll go to any length to deny it exists. And his reach goes far, far beyond just Megatech.

The MAJOR IS SUDDENLY HERE. She stands ghost-like, under Jacob's control, against the open, broadside of the building.

BATOU
Major?

She takes dead aim at the Orchestrator--

TOM GASOL
Wait!

--and *FIRES*! The Orchestrator slides violently backwards. His Thugs OPEN FIRE in reply, riddling the Major with bullets. Her artificial body absorbs the heavy slugs.

Batou and Tom instinctively FIRE at the thugs, who RETREAT, whisking the Orchestrator away. Batou begins to advance, when he's SHOT FROM BEHIND...BY THE MAJOR.

Tom freezes on the sidelines, as the Major stands over a confused, betrayed Batou.

BATOU
Don't... Don't...

And it becomes clear: he's speaking to TOM - the all-human cop with a discarded MACHINE GUN aimed at the Major's head.

BATOU
It's not her.

The Major's humanity fights Jacob's control. Her trigger finger shakes as a MILITARY ATTACK HELICOPTER lowers outside--

--A .50 CAL machine gun UNLOADS, tearing their world apart.

INT. TIER 9 WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Satellite Overhead: the chopper shakes as the .50 CAL whirs. Shrapnel and dust begin to cloud the view.

The Senator looks on, joined by an emotionless Jacob.

Back on the wall screen, GROUND SOLDIERS enter the building.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The same Ground Soldiers exit hurriedly, having laid EXPLOSIVE CHARGES.

INT. TOP FLOOR, ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Batou and the Major lie unconscious. Tom, miraculously, is crawling to safety - *beneath the Major*. He curls up, when--

A DEEP RUMBLE ESCALATES, until mercifully, SOUND DROPS OUT--

The building IMPLODES, one floor crushing down on the next. The impact blows debris several blocks in every direction. All that can be seen, from the sky, is a dusty grave.

INT. HOLDING ROOM, TIER 9 - CONTINUOUS

Chief Aramaki looks up suddenly. He's not psychic, just acutely aware of his team's demise. Isham and Saito pace before TWO ARMED GUARDS and a FORTIFIED DOOR.

INT. TIER 9 WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Techs drone on coldly, confirming *'No sign of life'*. Jacob returns the Senator's cold stare:

SENATOR HUME
I don't want to know anymore. Not what happened to your father. Not what you did to put me in office... No more.

JACOB
But you do know.

Jacob exits, his AI Bodyguard holding the door.

EXT. IMPLODED WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Batou moans in darkness, 10 FEET beneath the rubble.

BATOU
Major...

Superhumanly, Batou DIGS himself out. He moves through 'ground zero' - lifting massive slabs.

BATOU
(searching)
Major!

A distant WHISTLE precedes an INCOMING SHELL... BOOM! Batou goes flying. From his back, Batou's eagle eyes hone out:

A ROW OF TANKS, lining the border of the Forgotten Zone.

ORCHESTRATOR (V.O.)
Find the Major. We need to move.

The voice is *inside Batou's mashed head*; he REPLAYS it. Five more WHISTLES - five SHELLS in the air - as Batou RUNS.

EXT. FORGOTTEN ZONE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Batou searches madly - a lovesick man with nothing to lose.

BATOU
Hey! Music Man!

He turns over a car, calling *anyone* out:

BATOU
C'mon!!

Suddenly, FOUR RED DOTS - rifle sights - dance on his chest. The dots move slowly to a DOOR on a nondescript building. Batou starts for the door, and it cracks an inch...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

The Orchestrator's THUGS stand armed, every five steps, down a long stairwell. Batou passes each menacingly, finally following the leader. They reach a HEAVILY FORTIFIED DOOR.

THUG LEADER
(knocks; re: Batou)
Four eyes is back from the dead.

ON BATOU: '*Four eyes*?' SIX BOLTS are unlatched.

INT. THE ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Tom sits dazed in a corner, as another THUG knocks on *another* door. A SPY HOLE opens, and Batou peers through:

The Major hangs unconscious in a harness, her perfect, riddled body lowering into a WATER TANK. Batou goes berserk.

TOM GASOL
They're not gonna hurt her, man!

The Orchestrator's EYES appear in the spy hole.

ORCHESTRATOR
(to Batou)
Calm down.

INT. WATER TANK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Major's body submerges inside the GLASS POOL.

ORCHESTRATOR
She's had an improper shut down. That means she's liable to break every bone in her body when we reboot.

Batou stops a few feet from the Major.

BATOU
You've done this before?

ORCHESTRATOR
No. But I've seen them do it with race horses.

The Orchestrator nods to an attendant, who CHARGES the Major. She FLAILS violently - Batou recoiling - before settling. As she's hoisted back up, the Major locks eyes with Batou.

BATOU
Can she see me?

ORCHESTRATOR
She may not recognize you.
(off Batou)
Jacob removed her memories.

BATOU
Which ones?

ORCHESTRATOR
All of them. At least that he could find.

Batou watches angrily, his only friend lowered to the ground.

ORCHESTRATOR
Her short-term, procedural memories are fine. She remembers how to ride a bike, tie her shoes, all that...
(a harsh look from Batou)
But listen - 'cause you won't know this: we attach our brains to computers, but they're not computers. We don't store memories like a hard drive in one unified structure. We lock away our secrets. Keep the good stuff in the dark corners.

BATOU
So what?

ORCHESTRATOR
So her brain wants to heal itself. You could help her...reconnect.

The Major lies frightened, dripping on the concrete.

INT. CAVERNOUS DEN - LATER

200 years ago this room was a Chinese opium den. Now, the Major sits therein alone and disoriented. She towels herself dry - the same spot, over and over - searching EMPTY FILES.

She startles as Batou enters. His face is beat red, his emotions bubbling at the lonely sight of her.

BATOU
Can I sit?

She nods guardedly, as he sits far away along a bench.

MAJOR
Who are you?

Batou produces a CORD from the back of his neck.

BATOU
Can I show you?

She calculates - perceiving a friend - as he nears. Then--

MAJOR
Who am *I*?

BATOU
You're...
(cooly)
...the most advanced being on the face of the earth.

MAJOR
Is that all?

BATOU
(stirred)
You're a soldier. And...a woman. Obviously. You're obsessed with the ocean. I don't know why. You spend half your free time searching your head for the family you lost as a little girl.
(caution to the wind)
You're the best thing that ever happened to me. Best partner a guy could ask for.
(wipes his nose)
You're the best at everything... Really pisses me off.

She lightens, almost imperceptibly. He gently reaches behind her neck - as intimate as they've ever been - and PLUGS IN.

The Major is flooded with BATOU'S MEMORIES: we see a hint of them - all of TIER 9's ups and downs - in her fair eyes.

Finally, Batou looks embarrassed, as she sees the INTERNISTS approach. She feels what Batou felt, alone and scared, as they deliver the news: '*You're going to die*'.

INT. THE ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - A SHORT TIME LATER

Batou approaches a wall of SATELLITE FEEDS. The Orchestrator swivels in his E-THRONE, revealing himself.

BATOU
What are they waiting for?

The MILITARY TANKS stand poised on a closed circuit feed.

ORCHESTRATOR
The Chinese built these tunnels for opium dens.
(re: the tanks)
They learned if they tighten the noose, we've got a dozen ways out of here.

BATOU
So we're stuck in the goddamn OK Corral.

ORCHESTRATOR
(re: the Major)
She coming back?

BATOU
My memories seemed to spark some of her's. It's like she knows the score - knows what happened to her - but she's lost all the details in her life that make her...

ORCHESTRATOR
Human?

BATOU
Make her who she <u>is</u>, alright!? She's scared. She didn't deserve this. She lost her body as a girl, and now...

ORCHESTRATOR
<u>She's still the Major</u>. She's just in pieces, brother. And Jacob's holding them.

BATOU
Why'd he do this to her?

ORCHESTRATOR
Besides pointing her at us? It dehumanizes her. Reinforces his fantasy.

BATOU
What's that?

ORCHESTRATOR
Most historical villains have very delicate constructs. See, if the Major's not human, then he's not responsible for a lot of very bad deeds.
(off Batou)
Oh, yeah. He's hanging on to a thinner thread than mine.

BATOU
...I don't know about *that*.

ORCHESTRATOR
Hey. I'm suffering from a degenerative brain disease. Jacob's a sociopath.

BATOU
(forging ahead)
Listen, if I find these 'pieces', <u>could you put her back together again</u>?

JACOB (O.S., ON TV)
It's a turning point for our company, no question. He was taken too soon.

On a monitor, JACOB is interviewed by CHANNEL 7 NEWS:

JACOB (ON TV)
But the show of support has been overwhelming. People out there loved my father as much as I did. And I want them to know, that I intend to carry out my father's wishes... Making everyone's life a little longer, a little better. That's *all* I can do.

BATOU
(vengefully; to the TV)
I'm gonna make your life a little shorter, a little more painful--

ORCHESTRATOR
No no no, you can't face him on his own turf. The second you walk into Megatech he'll own you.

BATOU
I thought you were better than him?

ORCHESTRATOR
Brother, this place is wired for sound. I can flip your switch faster than you can say orchestrator.

Batou looks like he might say it; the Orchestrator dares him. Tom enters, drawn by Jacob's voice. Batou whispers:

BATOU
I just...I need to see her *know* me again. One more time. Before I go.

ORCHESTRATOR
Then we need Jacob away from home. He'll be keeping her memories close.

BOOM! A distant underground blast. *They're dynamiting*.

TOM GASOL
What the hell was that?

ORCHESTRATOR
I believe they're tightening the noose.

Unbeknownst to the men, the Major has entered, drawn hypnotically to the SATELLITE FEEDS:

MAJOR
That's him, isn't it?

A PUBLICITY PHOTO of Jacob on the news.

CHANNEL 7 NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Just days after the tragic passing, William Skinner's son is soldiering on. He'll host an in-house conference at the Fairmont Hotel tonight. An opportunity, Jacob describes, to bolster confidence and share his vision for the future.

The men share a look: *'Jacob away from home'.*

MAJOR
Let's get him.

BATOU
Well, we're trying, but it's complicated.

MAJOR
Why?

BATOU
Well, there's four tanks up there looking for us.

MAJOR
Is it a containment op?

ORCHESTRATOR
More like...extinction.

BOOM! Another blast. Closer. The Major's features harden, emboldening the men.

MAJOR
Them not us.

EXT. ABANDONED STREET, FORGOTTEN ZONE - CONTINUOUS

A grisly ATTACK TANK motors through this apparent war zone. It spits a grenade out its side, into a building, AND THE GRENADE SPITS BACK ONTO THE STREET... BOOM!

TANK 1 stops. TANKS 2 and 3 arrive. Beyond the fiery blaze, Batou stands waiting. His arm unsheathes an ELEPHANT GUN... and he FIRES... to little effect.

Now the tanks take aim, and Batou *RUNS.*

--He corners a building, the tanks closing ground.
--Tom skids on a parallel street, having retrieved the car. He's going nearly 60 mph, and he's not catching up to Batou.
--Tom hits the accelerator, and Batou jumps in on the fly.
--The sedan takes a heavy shell, but labors on.

BATOU
Wooo! Right where we want'em, Tommy!

Batou FIRES back bravely, the three tanks chasing.

TOM GASOL
(sweating buckets)
Oh yeah. Great plan.

BATOU
It's called thinning the herd.

CUT TO:

TANK 4, separated from the others, and trailed by the Major. *It's David stalking Goliath.* The tank guns swivel, but the Major's too fast; she JUMPS atop.

The tank bucks violently, but this isn't the Major's first rodeo. She holds on as it SLAMS into adjacent buildings, even rolls over -

SLOW MOTION as the Major's skull is tested by the weight -

it HOLDS, and *she* holds as the tank uprights. Now it's her turn: with a good grip on the locked entry hatch, she *PULLS*...

EXT. DEAD END, FORGOTTEN ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Batou looks back, a MISSILE LOCKED and LAUNCHED at them--

BATOU
Aww, shit.
(to Tom)
Buckle up!

TOM GASOL
I'm buckled!

Batou grabs Tom by the forehead - cradling his 'unprotected' skull - just before IMPACT... BOOM! The car flips four times.

The three tanks wait at the top of the street, Batou and Tom slowly crawling from the wreckage.

BATOU
Y'alright buddy?

Tom subtly nods, as Batou flips the car - <u>temporary</u> cover. The tanks begin to charge - they're going to crush the pair.

BATOU (ON THE NET)
Major?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

The Orchestrator watches tensely from his own 'war room' - standing in for Chief Aramaki and Tier 9.

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
Gimme a shot Major, get me in there!

--The Major pulls at the tank door - her muscles bulge grotesquely - her skin tears in places--

MAJOR
C'MON!!!

--Back to the overturned vehicle, Batou puts a foot against the dead-end wall, BRACING HIMSELF as the tanks close in...

BATOU
C'mon M.

ORCHESTRATOR
GET ME IN THERE!

MAJOR
AAAAAGGGGHHHHHH!

--The Major TEARS the hatch open, diving inside...

--The Orchestrator is flooded with tank specs - he begins HACKING with unfathomable speed. *It's artful.*

--The tanks SCREAM, they're SECONDS AWAY. Tom bows his head - peaceful in his final moments. Batou, less so:

BATOU
AAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

And the tanks suddenly SKID, as if someone pulled the hand brakes. They slide as they turn 180 degrees, and STOP. Tom and Batou peak out, as the hatches open...*for them*.

--The Orchestrator takes a breath, smiles even:

ORCHESTRATOR
They're all yours, boys.

Tom slumps down: *that was too close*.

BATOU
Never in doubt.

INT. 'COMMANDEERED' TIER 9 - CONTINUOUS

Senator Hume can't believe what he's just seen.

SENATOR HUME
What the hell just happened? Huh?
Somebody answer me! Now, goddamnit!

--The Orchestrator's wall monitors work as ONE GIANT SCREEN. He navigates a 3-D SEA of DATA, unlocking cyber-gates.

ORCHESTRATOR
(to himself)
Welcome to the West Coast Pentagon,
ladies and gentleman. I *wonder*...
what this button does.

--All around the Senator, the Tier 9 war room CRASHES. Generators reboot small safety lights, but no screens.

SENATOR HUME
We *really* should've hired this guy.

INT. HOLDING CELL, TIER 9 - CONTINUOUS

The Armed Guards stand over Saito, Isham and the Chief.

SAITO'S POV: the lights go out - *his built-in night vision kicks in* - and he LAYS OUT the armed guards. As the light returns, Chief Aramaki marvels at the downed guards.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
How many more times can you do that?

Saito checks the hallway, filled with CONFUSED BUREAUCRATS.

SAITO
I can put us on the first plane outta
here.

ISHAM
I can fly it.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL, NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK

PRESS mingle with SECURITY outside the historic hotel. JACOB'S AI GUARD emerges, summoned by MEGATECH SECURITY.

MEGATECH SECRET SERVICEMAN
They're still alive.

JACOB'S AI GUARD
What do you mean?

MEGATECH SECRET SERVICEMAN
I mean they're not dead.

Fear and anger on the bodyguard's artificial face.

MEGATECH SECRET SERVICEMAN
If you wanna call it, it's gotta be now.

JACOB'S AI GUARD
I'll let Jacob know.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two tanks ROAR! Inside the lead, Batou eyes his display:

BATOU (ONLINE)
Stay with me Major.

ORCHESTRATOR (O.S.)
She's on her way.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

DOTS on a map: Batou and Tom two blocks ahead of the Major. Suddenly, the Major's tank BREAKS AWAY.

ORCHESTRATOR
(exasperated)
That is *not* the way.

BATOU
Major!

A solemn quiet, as the Major strays. Batou sweats, his illness advancing, but his only concern remains:

BATOU
She's not right.

ORCHESTRATOR
Well, she's not all there.

BATOU
I'm gonna kick your ass before we die--

ORCHESTRATOR
You want me to play Chief, then listen:
I got a double-signal inside the hotel.

The Orchestrator deciphers a MAP of every roaming, physical consciousness. ONE POINT stands out with double the RAMS.

BATOU
Double *what*?

ORCHESTRATOR
(to himself)
How do I explain this in stupid?
(to Batou)
It's like two users, logged onto the same E-Brain at the same time.

BATOU
You saying the rest of her is...*there*?

ORCHESTRATOR
I'm saying...it looks like Jacob stored the Major's memories inside his own head.

BATOU
Jesus!

Batou hits the throttle, exceeding 200 MPH.

ORCHESTRATOR
So be careful when you tear it off.

The Orchestrator hones in on the Major's NORTHBOUND tank.

ORCHESTRATOR
Major? I know you're in there.

INSIDE THE MAJOR'S TANK, she speeds ahead on her own mission.

MAJOR
What happens when we arrest Jacob?

ORCHESTRATOR
What happens? His assets are frozen. His E-Brain is seized by the state.

MAJOR
The state does nothing, and Batou dies.

The Orchestrator charts the Major's course, *realizing*--

ORCHESTRATOR
You can't walk into Megatech, Major--

MAJOR
I can turn everything off. If I'm just a regular human, I can walk through it.

ORCHESTRATOR
Listen to me Major: your cyber-brain now controls your breathing, your heart rate - it keeps your organs in homeostasis.

The Orchestrator takes a moment, considering his own illness.

ORCHESTRATOR
If you turn your mechanics off, Jacob won't be able to hack you, but <u>you</u> won't be able to put one foot in front of the other. It'd be like driving a race car without power steering.

MAJOR
(undeterred)
I have to. And when it's time I'll come back on. I'll plug into his mainframe. With a hard line you can scan his whole world in a day--

ORCHESTRATOR
Scan for what?

MAJOR
<u>A cure for my friend</u>. He was sick. And I didn't see it...

ORCHESTRATOR
Do you remember him now?

MAJOR
I saw into him. He would save me a thousand times over. I just have to save him once.

The Orchestrator watches her RACE UPSTATE - no stopping her.

ORCHESTRATOR
(exhales, to himself)
Oh, this is bad for my blood pressure.

INT. BALLROOM, FAIRMONT HOTEL - A SHORT TIME LATER

BATOU'S POV: We move between BANQUET TABLES, towards JACOB in the distance, speaking at a podium on a raised stage.

JACOB
Lawsuits were the bane of this early company, and the entire medical industry in this country. And if my father hadn't prevailed, hadn't fought back at every turn, we wouldn't have a company today.

SEVERAL MEGATECH EXECS rise, stunned, at the sight of BATOU. Jacob sees him too, clothes and flesh torn, approaching...

JACOB
(distracted)
We wouldn't have... We wouldn't have any of the things he achieved. Be prepared to face... to face any...

Batou stoically climbs the STAGE STEPS, Jacob only feet away.

JACOB
Ladies and gentlemen, please stay calm.
(to Batou)
Is there something I can do for you?

BATOU
I want my partner back.

JACOB
(whispers)
She's with me now, Batou.

Batou lunges <u>RIGHT THROUGH JACOB</u>...he is here via HOLOGRAM. The crowd gasps. Batou looks panicked; if Jacob's not <u>here</u>...

BATOU
(worriedly)
M...

INT. BODY PLANT, MEGATECH HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Major grips her FIREARM. Every step is painstaking - her automatic transmission 'off' - as she blends into a world of machinery. Megatech CHURNS more than ever.

ARTIFICIAL SHELLS whisk down an automated assembly line. The Major blinks at the passing, lifeless FACES. *Is she unique? Is she one of them?* In the distance, she HEARS...

JUDY GARLAND. The Major follows the faint voice... As it grows louder, it acquires a demented quality. The Major looks suddenly wounded, lowering her gun, as the LYRICS boom:

'YOU CAN'T GET A MAN WITH A GUN'.

...It's coming from behind a 50-FOOT CURTAIN ahead.

INT. BALLROOM, FAIRMONT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Batou stands bewildered on stage. Guests begin to panic, as Tom finds himself in a STAND-OFF with converging security.

ORCHESTRATOR (O.S.)
Batou: she's still there. Her memories are still on that stage.

Batou scans the space - calm at the eye of the storm.

JACOB'S AI GUARD
Arrest them! What are you waiting for? Do it!!

And Batou suddenly knows. He walks stage left, as Tom holds off the SHOUTING security guards--

TOM GASOL
Back up! You put it down!!
(peeks at Batou)
Oh shit...

JACOB'S A.I. GUARD
Shoot him! SHOOT HIM!!

Batou reaches the robot...and RIPS OFF IT'S HEAD. The crowd GASPS, rushing for the exits. It's every man for himself as Tom chases after Batou - the coveted memories in hand.

INT. BODY PLANT, MEGATECH HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Major's 'bad trip' continues. She reaches the 50-FOOT THERMOPLASTIC CURTAIN...breathes deeply...and PULLS IT BACK:

JACOB stands at a podium. DOZENS of AI CREATIONS celebrate around the room - PAPER HATS and KAZOOS.

JACOB
(over the blaring music)
Look who it is everyone! Now it's a party!

The Major enters tentatively, gun trained on Jacob.

JACOB
Can't say you were invited, but you've found your way home. Good for you!

MAJOR
Turn off the music!

JACOB
Why? I'm the *real* orchestrator!

BOOM! The Major shoots a VINYL RECORD PLAYER.

JACOB
(mock anger)
That was dad's, you know.

MAJOR
(quoting Jacob)
I can tear it all away. Remember?

JACOB
Ah, revenge. That strictly human emotion. Is that why you're here?

MAJOR
I'm here for a trade: Batou's life for your own.

JACOB
What are you...in love with *him* now?

MAJOR
You can fix him, or you can die with him.

Jacob saunters menacingly from the podium. The Major keeps an eye on his AI 'pets' all around her.

JACOB
You know, maybe you *are* part woman. To be so irrational - to think that I could actually *love* a stack of metal.
(she nods enduringly)
Come to think of it, what computer would be stupid enough to walk back into my web?
(he approaches menacingly)
I don't even have to lift a finger.

Jacob eerily FREEZES the AI pets.

JACOB
All I have to do is close my eyes...

Jacob smirks - closes his eyes - the Major waits patiently...

JACOB
(panicked)
Where are you?

MAJOR
I'm right here, Jacob.

Jacob's cocky exterior shatters. He's visibly sweating--

JACOB
You're not online. This isn't right...
You shouldn't be able to do this.

MAJOR
I've been trying to tell you, Jacob:
I have a mind of my own. And right
now it's sending a signal down my arm,
through my hand--

JACOB
Wait--

MAJOR
--to the tip of my finger...

BLAM! She shoots Jacob in the leg.

MAJOR
Tell me I'm not human!

Jacob whines and writhes on the floor.

MAJOR
Tell me you don't have a cure!

JACOB
I don't have it!

MAJOR
I let you take advantage of my human
side. It clouded my judgment. But now
it's working against you. Because it's
brought me here for my friend - I *do* love
him - and there is no reasoning with me.

She SHOOTS his other leg. Jacob HOWLS.

MAJOR
I want the cure.
(aiming again)
And I don't care the cost.

JACOB
Wait!! Alright!! It's yours...
(catches his breath;
closes his eyes)
There. It's waiting for you now.
All you have to do...is turn 'ON'.

MAJOR
I go online...and you have me all
over again.

JACOB
I'll be gentle.

CLOSE on the Major, accepting her fate.

MAJOR
This body is mine, but it is not me.
No matter what you do to it, you can
never touch me again.

JACOB
BATOU'S LIFE FOR YOURS! That's the
<u>real</u> deal, and you know it! C'mon!!
You want to save your friend!?
Check your goddamn inbox! Do it!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Batou crouches, the AI Bodyguard's HEAD in his hands.
Batou has PLUGGED IN, cords in the back of his own neck.

BATOU (ONLINE)
(re: the Major's memories)
Are they in there!? How do I find them?

ORCHESTRATOR (O.S.)
Whatever you do... DON'T UNPLUG.

Tom acts as cover at the top of the alley.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

The Major's MEMORIES begin flooding in.

ORCHESTRATOR
(triumphantly)
Download in progress.

--Batou sighs, relieved.

BATOU
Now where in the physical world is she?

ORCHESTRATOR
She's at Megatech, brother. With Jacob.

BATOU
What?

ORCHESTRATOR
She's there for you... For all of us.

BATOU
Tell her not to go.

ORCHESTRATOR
Too late.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BODY PLANT, MEGATECH HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Major looks resolute. Deep inside her eyes, a GOLDEN LIGHT ILLUMINATES. She's going online...

--Batou shouts in the alley, startling PASSING PEDESTRIANS:

BATOU
You can tell her! Tell her *no*.
Send it out! YOU TELL HER NO!!

MAJOR (ONLINE, O.S.)
...you'll be alright now.

BATOU
(whispers)
What? What was that? Was that *her*?

--The Orchestrator marvels as an E-MAIL arrives before him:

ORCHESTRATOR
It's from her.

BATOU
What is?

The e-mail's subject heading: *CONFESSION.*

ORCHESTRATOR
(awestruck)
Did she do it?

--The Major smiles peacefully...and her E-Brain is seized. She CRUMPLES violently to the floor, Jacob PROPPING over her.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE FERRY - DUSK

Tarek, the MEGATECH SCIENTIST, alive in this 'VIDEO MAIL', speaks into camera. The sun sets over Alcatraz beyond.

MEGATECH SCIENTIST
It's a problem with our brain casings. They were designed to withstand impact, but they're proving porous on the magnetic level. The natural brain tissue is exposed.
(looks around nervously)
Jacob convinced me we could fix it without you knowing. Without anyone knowing. All I know now sir, is that I've made a huge mistake.

The lawyer (controlled by Jacob) approaches off-screen--

JACOB (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?

The FEED CUTS abruptly.

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

TEARS well in the Orchestrator's gaunt sockets. He taps his head, brain case inside:

ORCHESTRATOR
('*so simple*')
The *case*...
(to Batou)
Did you see that?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Batou sits exhausted, at once saved and brokenhearted.

BATOU
I saw it.

Suddenly, ISHAM's TILT-WING AIRCRAFT descends to the street. Chief Aramaki, *rarely* seen in the field, rides shotgun.

BATOU
Jesus.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Get in!

EXT. SKYLINE - DUSK

Megatech's Corporate Jet throttles towards a RED SUN extinguishing in the sea.

INT. MAIN CABIN, MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS

A SCOTCH is poured at the cabin bar. Jacob takes the bottle back to his seat, mechanized leg braces do the walking.

He settles in his chair, swigs a shot for the pain.

PILOT (O.S.)
(robotically)
Destination, sir?

Jacob looks out the window.

JACOB
Tokyo. No. Rio.

PILOT (O.S.)
Yes, sir. Flight duration 11 hours, 41 minutes.

JACOB
Contact our facial artist down there. And download Portuguese for me.

PILOT (O.S.)
Right away, sir.

Jacob sighs. Looks to his right: <u>the MAJOR lies unconscious</u>, strapped into a reclined chair. Suddenly, a building, classic MOVIE SCORE (*the Major's rebirth*) on the plane's P.A. system...

JACOB
No music, pilot.

The volume goes UP.

JACOB
I said no--

Jacob freezes. He jumps out of his chair, towards the cockpit: it's locked. He BANGS on the door--

JACOB
Open the door! I said open it!

Jacob knows he's being hacked. He CLOSES HIS EYES...

INT. COCKPIT, MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS

We push in the AI PILOT's exposed circuitry. There's a fight for his mind going on inside...

DISSOLVE TO:

A VIRTUAL UNIVERSE of streaking comets (information), circular gates (firewalls), and STARS (data servers).

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

This data representation on the cyber-maestro's wall screen. A single, bright source suddenly appears: JACOB ONLINE.

ORCHESTRATOR
Welcome to *my* party, Jake. And that means...she can't be far away.

Indeed a faint light, *the Major*, burns like a satellite nearby.

ORCHESTRATOR
Looking a little dim, Major. Alright, one last time...

The Orchestrator's EYES FLITTER before closing, he leans forward, palms up on the table, a *master at work*...

BATOU (RADIO-DISTORTED)
We're 10 miles behind. We're <u>not</u> closing ground! It's on you, Music Man! You gotta stop'em--

ORCHESTRATOR
(mantra-like)
I can put everyone back together again.

To the side, a heading blinks: *UPLOAD IN PROGRESS*.

INT. MAIN CABIN, MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS

Down the long aisle, we arrive at the Major. Her perfect, damaged face in profile: an EYE OPENS, ever so slightly.

Behind the glassy facade, the FIRST MEMORY trickles in. Then the SECOND, and the THIRD...the bandwidth expands - clearing the way for millions of memories, a HYPER-MONTAGE in her eyes.

Her life is coming back to her; *she's coming back to life.* And something amazing is happening: the Orchestrator has sorted the memories into chronological order. Each memory goes further back, deeper into her childhood.

EXT. SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The modified corporate jet RATTLES past camera. Moments later, the Tier 9 aircraft SCREAMS through the same airspace.

INT. TIER 9 TILT-WING AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

On a radar display, the MEGATECH JET changes course erratically.

ISHAM
She's all over the place. Who's in control of that plane?

BATOU
It's a heavyweight fight for the pilot.

They watch the plane swerve violently.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
They're both too good. They're going to stalemate that plane into the ocean.

An ALERT beeps on the dash. The Megatech jet plummets.

ISHAM
She's going down.

INT. COCKPIT, MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS

The AI PILOT shakes, his E-BRAIN split in two, as the tiller pushes irrevocably forward.

INT. MAIN CABIN, MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS

Every returning memory makes the Major stronger. She begins to test her restraints, everything else in the cabin sliding violently forward. The TURBULENCE is overwhelming...

The feeling, and the fear, dislodges a MEMORY she's sought her entire artificially supported life. It's her proof:

MAJOR'S POV: TWO YOUNG PARENTS in the front seat of a station wagon, as their car rolls up and down on the BAY BRIDGE... it's the 'GREAT QUAKE'. The YOUNG MOTHER turns back bravely--

--to a natural, frightened 5 YEAR-OLD GIRL: it's the Major.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

The Orchestrator snaps out of his duel with Jacob, watching triumphantly, as the Major's earliest memory is recalled:

ORCHESTRATOR
There she is.

BACK TO SCENE

YOUNG MOTHER
It's alright, Emma. Don't be afraid.

And the car rolls forward, towards the sea below. *This is how the Major lost her first family. Lost her natural body.*

CLOSE on the adult Major's artificial eyes: her childhood, her family, *herself* finally returned to her.

MAJOR
Don't be afraid.

--The Orchestrator watches the plane dive, time running out.

ORCHESTRATOR
(impassioned)
Now get out of there.

INT. TIER 9 TILT-WING AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Batou THROWS every loose piece of equipment out the side.

BATOU
Help me!!

Tom and Saito join in. Batou turns angrily on the cockpit--

BATOU
(to Isham)
What's your next excuse!?

ISHAM
I'm PUSHING it!!

TOM GASOL
Well push harder!

SAITO
Let'er out!!

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Quiet!
(then; to Isham)
You're losing her.

INT. MAIN CABIN, MEGATECH JET - CONTINUOUS

The Major's whole again. She looks at each restraint - around every limb - and effortlessly BREAKS FREE.

She SLAMS forward, onto Jacob below, snapping him out of the informational world.

MAJOR
I found them.

She goes for the door, he CLINGING to her--

JACOB
It's all made up! The Orchestrator's a programmer! Just like my father was! Can't you see it?! <u>You're not human</u>!! You never were!!

MAJOR
Like you said Jacob... I am the future.

She flicks him away, finally leaving him behind:

MAJOR
And you're not in it.

JACOB
No!

The Major RIPS OFF the cabin door, and JUMPS high into air, as the PLANE CRASHES INTO THE SEA...

For a brief moment, the Major is suspended in the crimson sky. She LOCKS EYES with Batou, riding his aircraft's side rail.

The Major plummets to the sea, disappearing beneath a splash.

ISHAM (RADIO-DISTORTED)
We've lost her on impact.

CHIEF ARAMAKI
Track her, track her, track her!

The aircraft circles back, Batou's eyes locked like a hawk.

SAITO (RADIO-DISTORTED)
She's gone. She's off the grid.

BATOU
I've got her.

ISHAM (RADIO-DISTORTED)
I need the coordinates.

BATOU
I'm holding the spot.

Batou leans over the rail, the SPOT directly below.

BATOU
(bitterly; re: the water)
I knew it...

INT. ORCHESTRATOR'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

The Orchestrator watches in quiet awe, as the Major's ONLINE LIGHT sinks like a meteor, through a sea of data.

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
Still in one piece?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The Major's physical body lands peacefully on the sea floor.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
Thank you. For everything.

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
The pleasure was all mine. How much time do you have?

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
Not enough.

The Major's online light is already DIMMING.

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
Let me do one more thing for you.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
What's that?

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
I can make a copy of your ghost.
You could live on...

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
But it wouldn't be me.

ORCHESTRATOR (ON THE NET)
No. No it wouldn't. Do you want me to stay with you?

Like a faith-restoring falling star, BATOU DROPS FROM ABOVE.

MAJOR (ON THE NET)
I'm not alone.

--The Orchestrator sees Batou's signal online.

Batou descends on an unfurling cable. It catches, just above the Major, and she reaches up for him...

MAJOR(ON THE NET)
(beating him to the punch)
You told me to stay with you.

BATOU (ON THE NET)
(shrugs)
You're an independent woman.

He clasps her hand tightly, no way he's letting go. As they ascend, she stares adoringly into his sheathed eyes, then upwards, into BRIGHTNESS...

CUT TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN - DAY

The Major bursts into a calm, tropical paradise. She removes her snorkel, turns 180 degrees, and finds--

BATOU watching from a beach. He wears black socks and sandals, a Hawaiian shirt, and a BANDAGE around his head.

BATOU
(waving her back to shore)
Come in!

MAJOR
You come in!

Batou runs back, as a tiny wave crests onto shore. He raises his Mai Tai--

BATOU
Not my style!

The Major sticks her tongue out girlishly, before submerging. She dives down, her flotation devices deflating, towards a--

VIBRANT CORAL REEF.

MAJOR (V.O.)
To me, there is the physical world, and the world of information. Both are reality.

We push into the Major's face, into her skin. On a cellular level, we see the 'branching' neurons of a SINGLE BRAIN CELL.

MAJOR (V.O.)
Someday, it will be this way for you.

The microscopic image morphs into an image billions of light-years across: the UNIVERSE, shockingly similar in structure.

MAJOR (V.O.)
The universe is vast and infinite.

The Universe morphs into our 3-D data representation:

INFORMATIONAL LIGHT STREAMS, FIREWALLS, and ONLINE 'STARS'.

MAJOR (V.O.)
All existence is life.

ROLL CREDITS,
INTO THE DIGITAL UNIVERSE